



SATURDAY NIGHT

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Things in General

IN the latter part of last week Colonel Sam Hughes, in the House of Commons, reminded the Premier of the nearness of "the Twelfth of July, an anniversary honored by a great many people throughout Canada, and by many members of Parliament." He recommended the Government to give the House a Holiday on that day, and on Sir Wilfrid Laurier stating that there was no precedent for granting the request, Colonel Sam is reported as advising "the Premier to make his own precedent, but the question was dropped." It is not the persistence of prominent Orangemen in protesting against special privileges being given to special classes, which brings them into prominence, but it is cheap and useless demonstrations such as the one reported, put up purely for advertising purposes, which bring the professions of such men into contempt. Sam Hughes had no idea of having the House adjourn on account of the Twelfth of July, but he saw a measly chance of putting the Premier in an uncomfortable position, and at the same time advertising himself as a "no surrender" Protestant of the irreconcilable type. Such dinky doings, however, seem to pass, while failures to fight for principle remain unnoticed, and to-day Colonel Sam's little mouthful of buncomb is better remembered than that the doughty defender of the faith was under the barn or skirmishing for Rome during the Manitoba Bill campaign.

FROM the reported utterances of some of the chief speakers at Twelfth of July celebrations I culled several conspicuously inconsistent sayings. Rev. Canon Farthing of Woodstock in declaring for peace and civil liberty, said he was not sure but that our constitution is in danger, not from the Pope of Rome, but from our Canadian politicians. "There are politicians," said he, "on both sides in Parliament seeking to rob us of the political freedom of which we are entitled." These men are the real enemies of Canada. Nowadays, if he must commit perjury to do so. . . . These are the ones who are more formidable enemies to our liberties than the saintly old man sitting on the throne in Rome."

Rev. William Lowe, Grand Chaplain of Ontario West, the principal speaker at Wingham, is reported to have made some very sarcastic references to Sir Wilfrid Laurier's refusal to adjourn Parliament over the Twelfth of July. His appears to be an instance of the bitterly partisan politician garbed in the vestments of the church and adorned with the regalia of the Orange Order. When Sir Mackenzie Bowell, for years Grand Master of the Orangemen, was in power at Ottawa, did he ever adjourn Parliament to further the Twelfth of July demonstrations? If not, what business has Rev. Chaplain Lowe to introduce these pin-pricks of politics into what is intended to be a great public manifestation of love of fair play, a standing up, as Rev. Canon Farthing put it, for the liberties of the people, irrespective of creed or party? It is such things that lend color to the charge that the Orange body is a Tory machine; and while many of us care for one political party as much as another, it is distressing and disheartening to see men in clerical and official garb doing such petty and perfidious party work on an Orange platform.

County Master Taylor of North York in his partisan zeal is reported by the "News" as saying that a time might come "when the question would have to be decided as to who would be masters in this country, the English-speaking people or the French Papists." He is also reported as saying, "We are not the 'foreigners' in this country that Premier Laurier would like his French compatriots to believe we are, but Orangemen representing the highest ideals in the life of the nation." What sort of talk is this for a man with "high ideals"? It sounds more like a fanatical attempt of a ward-heeler trying to get his lodge out to vote.

Mr. J. W. St. John, M.P., also speaking at Woodbridge "exhorted Orangemen to always stand true to the principles which safeguarded civil and religious liberty." Where was Mr. St. John while the Sturgeon Falls Separate School Bill was sliding through the Legislature of which he is a member? He should take the advice of Rev. Newton Hill, speaking at the same time and place, who advised his hearers against "being sidetracked in their principles by the introduction of politics into the Order."

It is the action of prominent Orangemen who shirk their duty lest they lose votes, that brings the Order into contempt. The rank and file are better custodians of the high ideals of civil and religious liberty than many of their leaders, and if their principles were not traded off by their leaders for preferment so great an organization with civil and religious liberty as its watchword should be an overwhelming power.

MESSRS. CROSSLEY AND HUNTER have found reasons for issuing an address to the public, and an open letter to their friends has appeared in a number of papers, among others in the "Globe" of July 11. "Twenty years ago this week," they say, "we began to do the work of evangelists; and ever since we have worked side by side, united in heart as David and Jonathan. We have never heard of any other two evangelists working together so long." To outsiders this statement is not surprising, for if evangelists cannot permanently work together who can? The reason for the issuing of the manifesto does not appear to be found so largely in the advertisement they publish of the work they have done, but to reply to a question which they say many have asked: "Have you not lost heavily by the failure of the Atlas Savings and Loan Company?" They reply, "Oh, yes, we lost the few thousand dollars we had reserved for a rainy day, and in addition to this, as the Atlas was not a limited company, we were held liable for thousands of dollars more for unpaid shares. These shares were never intended by the company to be paid, and few persons now regard the payment as a moral obligation; nevertheless, Mr. Hunter will mortgage his home to pay his assessment, and Mr. Crossley has borrowed money to redeem his Muskoka property and life insurance from the unreasonable demand. We are thankful that the Atlas is now only skin milk, as we have given away the cream; for, saying nothing about other years, we have had the joy of distributing to religious and benevolent objects more than \$13,000 during the last seven years, or just about the amount we had laid by in thirty years."

What is the purpose of this announcement? Is it intended as an appeal for generous financial treatment in the future; is it an advertisement of their generosity in giving away the "cream," or is it to quiet rumors that this firm of evangelists were speculating in stocks? It would seem to be the last, for they say, "Next to the favor of God we gratefully appreciate the abiding confidence of the people, and this we have, for they know that, though the Atlas was wrecked by the management violating the charter, not the shadow of a questionable practice has been ours from first to last, as the shares we held were not speculative or margin stock, but purely ordinary stock similar to shares in any chartered bank or industrial institution. We are filled with joy when we contemplate that nothing but money has been lost. We are rich in the possession of perfect health, unassailed honor, abiding faith, peace, love, joy and hope, and in being appointed to a mission in life as ambassadors for Christ."

I am doubtful if this excessive ebullience of joy and belief in the "abiding confidence of the people" will satisfy those who have heard rumors that Messrs. Crossley and Hunter were speculating in stocks. Their letter speaks of Atlas stock only as "not speculative or margin stock." The rumors have not been confined to the stock of which they speak, but to operations in other and speculative stocks. Do they regard speculating or gambling in margin stocks as one of the questionable practices which they say has not been theirs? If their letter was intended to put an end to these rumors I think they should have been more explicit. I think my desire to deal fairly with them has been shown by the publication of this explanatory advertisement on this page, and I can assure them that their statement that

they have never margined speculative stocks will be given to their opponents if given with reasonable brevity and directed to the editor of this paper.

THE W.C.T.U. have also issued a manifesto declaring their position with regard to the Anti-Cigarette Bill before the Dominion Parliament. With their objections to the use of cigarettes by either young or old nobody has taken issue; indeed, the majority of people are inclined to believe that the cigarette is an exceedingly bad thing for the immature and of no particular good to those who have got their growth. It is their waste of energy, preposterous demands and pretensions that seem so absurd. The bill now before Parliament is to prohibit the manufacture, importation and sale of cigarettes, with penalties attached indicating that it is to be made as great a crime to make or sell cigarettes as it is to make or sell illicit whisky. They claim that 200,000 people have signed a petition: "the press of the country from Nova Scotia to British Columbia having noticed and in the main approved (?) the movement," and religious parliaments having passed strongly worded resolutions of endorsement, the bill should be permitted to go through unamended.

Last session, they complain, "the bill was pushed from one order paper to another and finally dropped," but they do not seem to recognize that the whole thing was taken as a sort of joyous farce. This year the bill has had a first and second reading, has passed a committee of the whole, and "is now confronted with an amendment introduced by Mr. Gervais of Montreal" asking that the title of the bill be altered and every clause in it struck out, retaining nothing to prohibit the manufacture, importation or sale of cigarettes, but providing that they shall not be sold to those under sixteen years of age. The W.C.T.U. claim that this age limit is valueless, as laws forbidding the sale to minors have been passed in so many states and provinces and have been absolute failures in restraining the cigarette habit. In admitting in detail these conspicuous and absolute failures to prohibit the sale of cigarettes to minors, do these busy women find no suggestion that the bill they ask for would be a still more ridiculous failure? Have they not learned that the great mass

much occupied in enjoying themselves to devote much time to their offspring, are the only causes mentioned.

There must be some reason why the people of Australia have so far outstripped the rest of the world in race suicide. Australian women cannot naturally be more heartless than the women of Canada, the United States or Great Britain, yet the statistics at first glance seem to justify the belief that they are, or at least are more candid in admitting the facts. That they lead in avoiding reproduction may be taken for granted—though if we had statistics there is reason to believe that their civilized sisters elsewhere are not so very far behind. But this pre-eminence seems to be no more than the natural result of a general up-to-dateness in Australian "civilization." Labor of all kinds in Australia has come to be looked on as a painful sort of thing that should only be indulged in to the most limited extent consistent with existence. Australia has more public holidays not devoted to saints than any other country in the world. From one end of the Commonwealth to the other the country is in the hands of labor unions which have, or should have, as their motto, "Avoid work." Pleasure-seeking has come to be regarded as the most legitimate of professions. Besides this epidemic of unionism, the women vote—consequently they can not be expected to descend very willingly to the menial occupation of raising children, once regarded as a woman's most honorable employment. Taken together, the prolonged holiday and the mixing of women in politics have converted the ideal home into something quite unlike that of a generation ago. For the present at least the ideal of womanhood seems to have gone into something like an eclipse; the natural maternal instinct has been converted into a passionate desire to be the mother of a new bill in parliament. To go to the core of the whole unnatural situation, one is forced to come to the conclusion that selfishness is responsible for it all. The men, determined to gratify their desires and still have ease, do not wish to have a family to provide for; while the women, sharing their husbands' views, ride their political hobby and let the chief work for which they were created trust to luck or accident to be performed. Some day the women of Australia and other countries will waken up to a realization of



WHOA!

Manager Hays—Gee! I wasn't looking for that.

of people do not consider it a crime to either make, sell or smoke a cigarette, and would refuse to be parties to any fool prosecutions except in the case of minors? And even in this one laudable direction to protect minors legislation has been a distinct failure!

The whole thing is too preposterous for discussion, and the W.C.T.U. are simply making a hurling exhibition of their lack of sense. As a reverend gentleman set forth in a letter which was published on this page, the W.C.T.U. had much better quit their crusades against the small vices of the male sex and devote themselves to an agitation against race suicide and other tendencies of their own sex. Instead of working with might and main spying out the doings of tobaccoists they might be more profitably employed scrutinizing what the druggists are doing in providing means to keep children from being born, and the causes which lead to the use of such things. If, as shown in another article, the problem of race suicide is not solved, it will not be many decades before there are no little boys to either smoke cigarettes or keep their mothers from club and committee meetings, nor, indeed, any mothers to raise a row about the use of tobacco.

A ROYAL COMMISSION* appointed by the Government of New South Wales to enquire, among other things, into circumstances responsible for the alarming decline in the birth-rate of that part of the Commonwealth has just made its report, and it reveals Australian modes of life in a light that can scarcely be pleasing to the more thoughtful. The report shows that New South Wales has, during the last thirty years, lost a natural increase of population amounting to one-quarter of a million, and that the whole of Australia has lost 940,000 during the same time. The commissioners started the work in the belief that this remarkable falling off must be due to natural causes, but they were soon forced to come to another conclusion. Witness after witness readily came forward and admitted that they had no children because they didn't want them. Indeed, the report leads one to believe that a very large portion of the people regard the raising of families as an undesired hardship, sometimes unavoidable, but none the less irksome on that account. The age at which marriage takes place was found to be remarkably early, but these marriages are only in a very limited number of cases followed by the birth of children. A pet theory of those who advocate the small family receives a rather heavy blow from some of the facts that came out in the investigation. It is often claimed that where the families are small the children are better cared for and are consequently more healthy and robust. The report finds that the artificially-decreased birth-rate is accompanied by what must be regarded as an almost equally artificial rate of mortality among the children. Deliberate murder is not suggested; improper foods, artificial substitutes for the natural nourishment of children, and a general neglect on the part of the mothers, who are too

their mistake, but of that awakening there are as yet few signs.

THE nomination of Judge Alton B. Parker by the Democratic Convention at St. Louis occasioned no surprise nor any great enthusiasm. The strongest impulse of the Democracy was to nominate ex-President Cleveland, and the only uncertainty about the convention was as to whether the Parker boom was not a feat to be turned at the last moment into a stampede for the man who, in refusing to be nominated, still left some hope that the nomination might be forced upon him. Bryan, the silver-tongued orator and twice a Presidential nominee, was at the first left to sit aside unheeded and unapplauded, and no doubt there was a deliberate attempt made not only to break his influence, but to break his heart. Failures as he had proved himself the slightest theories to be the element of greatness which secured him his first nomination made his influence felt and his voice listened to before the convention was many hours old, and if he does not bolt the nomination or try to play the wrecker his strength may be considered greater now than before the St. Louis meeting. Judge Parker, who had been absolutely silent until notified of his nomination, showed clever diplomacy in affirming, by telegram, his belief in the gold standard and thus neutralizing Bryan's work in eliminating a declaration with regard to the currency from the platform. Possibly his telegram was part of the plan to remain absolutely mum until a moment when he could speak and make the whole nation listen. Certainly not only the convention but every reader of newspapers in the United States and Canada read that telegram and recognized that Judge Parker was not to be the tool of the party, but a dictator with solid and unalterable views. The convention had to make the best of it, Bryan was made go back and sit down, and suddenly Parker stood before the whole people as a man of decision of character who not even to obtain the nomination or placate the convention was willing to abandon in the slightest degree any of his settled convictions. This was just what Parker needed, and Bryan in his seeming victory in the elimination of the currency plank from the platform not only armed his adversary, but provided him with both the excuse and the occasion.

President Roosevelt is notoriously a lucky man. Everything, apparently, has fallen at his feet. His acceptance of the Vice-Presidency, supposedly the grave of any ambition for the chief executive office, simply placed him in line to succeed when President McKinley was assassinated. McKinley's mantle, the Republicans felt, was best fitted for the shoulders of Mark Hanna, the head and front of the party, of the Republican organization in the United States. But Mark Hanna died and Roosevelt was left without a rival. National and world events have continued to make Roosevelt a great figure; he has lost no opportunity of tickling the vanity of

his fellow citizens by posing the United States as a world-beater and as the dictator of the republics of the New World, and what has made Roosevelt obnoxious to the staid nations of Europe has endeared him to the hearts of the "bounders" who have the most to say in United States politics.

Judge Parker, too, has been a lucky man. He has never been beaten, though more than once nominated to high offices in contests from which other men of his party of greater note than himself, had shrunk. So far his campaign has been superbly managed, and the Republicans may have by no means the hoop-la task they expect in returning President Roosevelt to the White House. In the newspaper business I have watched the Presidential nominations and elections since 1876, when Tilden was elected and counted out, and circumstances, causes and candidates were never similarly grouped in any other case except when Cleveland, who but a few years previously had been an unknown lawyer in Buffalo, won his way to the Presidency. "President Parker" has an alliterative sound, and great as the odds are which he must fight, there are chances that the "luck" which has always favored him will have it so.

IT was incidentally mentioned in an article last week in connection with the statement that the Roman Catholics of this province insist upon being recognized as a separate section of the community which must have its share, or more than its share, of representation in public offices, that three members of the License Commissioners, each composed of three members, elected by courtesy, then as a matter of custom, and now as a matter of "right," are allowed one Catholic commissioner to each Board. This is the case in Toronto and in other cities and municipalities, the members of the Toronto Board being Messrs. W. D. Beardmore, chairman, W. D. Matthews and W. J. Boland. This Board decided, on the reports of Inspectors Hastings, Inwood and McConvey, that Mr. Timothy O'Rourke, who has a license in the St. Lawrence Market, should sell out, and gave him a three months' extension for that purpose. This three months' extension expires at the end of this month, and in the meantime Mr. O'Rourke effected a sale to Mr. Farrell, but not until the former, who is said to be popular in his neighborhood, had obtained a well signed petition for further consideration of his application to retain his license. The petition failed, and the "Star" of this city in reporting the matter stated that on both occasions Mr. Boland, the Catholic Commissioner, supported Mr. O'Rourke, though it is not mentioned whether Mr. McConvey, one of the inspectors, who represents the same denomination, was in favor of further consideration or not. The "Star" further stated: "Enquiry at the Commissioners' office elicited the information that the sole reason for taking O'Rourke's permit away from him was that he was a continual offender against the law, and had been twice fined for infractions." An article which appeared in the "Catholic Register" last week on being shown to the Commissioners, the "Star" says, was "dismissed as 'mere guff.'" The fact of O'Rourke's nationality and religion had nothing whatever to do with it; it was the way one of the inspectors spoke of the "Register's" charge.

The above facts, taken from a paper which by no means can be called unfriendly to the readers of the "Catholic Register," furnish a somewhat startling introduction to an article already mentioned as having appeared in the latter publication which characterizes the taking away of Mr. O'Rourke's license as a "gross piece of injustice." An investigation is asked for, and the "Register" says: "An insistent demand will, for ample cause, compel it sooner or later. There is no element of uncertainty in the issue. One hour's examination of the chief inspector, Mr. Thomas Hastings, and his assistants, will impress the public that the workings of the Board are not in the interests of temperance and respect for the license law. We have no intention or wish to impeach the policy of Mr. Stratton, who, we believe, shares the best sentiment of the public in regard to the strict and impartial administration of the statute. Nor do we accuse the members of the Board individually of squinting the line of duty imposed upon them by their office. What we do say is that elements wholly foreign to the good of the community are permitted to operate against some license-holders and in favor of others. The case of Mr. O'Rourke offers an excellent example of partiality and prejudice, and an investigation is in the public interest as well as in the best interests of temperance and public respect for the license law of the province."

Surely an investigation must be held after such a statement made by a religious newspaper which, however jealous it may be of the interests of its clientele, would hardly invite that what seems to be a great favoritism shown by the Government to the Roman Catholics, should receive a thorough ventilation, unless it has some well-defined grievance. The investigation should not only be held, but it should be most searching and in every sense open to the public, who have a right to know why a section of the population of Ontario of only about seventeen per cent. should have one License Commissioner out of every three, and in the City of Toronto one License Inspector out of three. In the present case both the Roman Catholic Commissioner and the Inspector are popular and capable men, but it is the proportion that needs to be understood rather than the persons. The scandal which the "Register" hints at must be serious or it would not assail such reputable men as Messrs. Beardmore, Matthews and Boland, or Mr. Boland being left out, he having supported Mr. O'Rourke's petition, as Messrs. Beardmore and Matthews. When any such condition exists as is hinted at by the "Register" it should be known, and, on the other hand, if the "Register" is endeavoring to bully the commissioners, it should be clearly shown. If Mr. O'Rourke's appearance in the police court and the fines imposed upon him for infraction of the law are not sufficient indication that he is an improper man to hold a license, no matter of what creed or how popular he may be, what kind of proof are we to demand before expecting an hotelkeeper's license to be cut off? If other men of a different race and religion are permitted to break the law, be convicted of it, and go without a similar punishment, the public should be made aware of the fact. After the publicity which has been given this matter it has ceased to be a question between Timothy O'Rourke and the License Commissioners, and has become an issue as to the administration of the law.

THE decision of Justice MacMahon that members of religious orders are not, as such, entitled to teach in the Roman Catholic Separate Schools of Ontario without taking out the Government certificates required of lay teachers, has caused much comment and will be far-reaching in its results if the decision is upheld in the threatened appeal. The Deputy Minister of Education in Ontario is reported as having supported the contention that the members of the religious orders were exempt from the workings of the Educational Act as touching qualifying examinations. The subject is so important and likely to be the cause of an appeal to the Legislature, that it will receive my special attention next week.

AFTER waiting for a couple of weeks to see what action would be taken with regard to the United States regiment which on returning from a visit to Ottawa forcibly stopped a train because some members of their party had been left behind, I feel like enquiring what steps have been taken to bring the matter to the notice of the authorities at Washington. It is no part of a newspaper's duty to stir up strife over an ephemeral ebullience of big-head and fool temper made by a few tin-horn Yankee soldiers on a holiday expedition to Canada. Neither is it self-respecting for this country to permit a passenger train to be stopped and placed in imminent danger of a rear-end collision, without protest. It would be well for the Government at Ottawa to satisfy Canadians by telling us the result, if any, of their representations to Washington in this instance, and in that of the pulling down of the British flag and replacing it with the Stars and Stripes, of which an "Amurrican" excursion party

"The Cruise o' Cupid," a dashing story of love and sport, by the Canadian writer, Gordon Rogers, begins in "Saturday Night" next week.

was recently guilty on the Yukon. National self-respect demands that our neighbors when sojourning in this country, though permitted unusual liberties, be not permitted to tear down our flag or stop passenger trains, to the great risk of their own and Canadian lives, without being rebuked in some impressive way. The conduct of this United States regiment when in Canada and the fact that Canadian battalions recently visiting the United States were not invited nor permitted to carry their colors, should put a stop to these exchanges of visits of military organizations. It is good for the people of both countries to intermingle in business and socially as much as possible, and this intermingling is going on to such a very large extent that it ought to be sufficient to keep us acquainted and on friendly terms without sending armed and uniformed men to excite the resentment which invariably manifests itself over the something which somebody does or may do for which neither nation is responsible.

IF in a multitude of counsellors there is much wisdom, the Military Board which is to supersede the General Officer Commanding ought to prove a good scheme. The Board will consist of the Minister of Militia, who is to be chairman; the Chief of Staff, who may be an Imperial officer; the Adjutant-General, the Quartermaster-General, the Master-General of Ordnance, the Deputy Minister of Militia, and the Chief Accountant of the Department. This military council is to retain the power provided in the Act existing before its creation, of calling out the militia, and even sending troops out of the country. This feature was criticized, but Sir Frederick Borden contended, with much reason, that an emergency might arise when the militia would have to be called out in a day or perhaps an hour, and there consequently could be no waiting for a meeting of Parliament. He also gave it to be distinctly understood that this council is simply taking over the work of the G. O. C., and would issue such orders as hitherto have been issued by that officer. Fears were expressed by some members that the militia would be turned into a political organization, but Sir Frederick pointed out that the Inspector-General or Chief of Staff may be an Imperial officer, and that the plan is one which is being adopted by the British Government after a careful investigation of the system now in force. Early in the spring a correspondent whose letter was published on this page, speaking of the adoption of this system by the British Government urged, and was probably the first one to urge, that Canada should do likewise. His letter met with so much favor that I feel confident that Sir Frederick Borden's proposal will be generally welcomed, and, having an Imperial precedent, will not be open to much criticism. If Great Britain, with a plenitude of distinguished generals within easy reach of the War Office, approves of such a system, Canada with only one distinguished Imperial officer at hand certainly requires an advisory board to conduct its military affairs. Of course there will be less clanking of sabres and rattling of spurs in the management of affairs at headquarters, but the work may be better done, though in a more democratic way.

A CORRESPONDENT favoring the union of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches suggests as a name for the new organization, the "Canadian Church" or the "Church of Canada." He points out that among Protestants in this country the new church will be so strong that it should wear the national name. He says our census shows the Church of England to have 680,746 adherents, the Baptists 292,465, while the new church will have 1,787,446. His pride in the old Church of England, he says, urges him to ask for the patriotic name of the "Church of Canada." It might be well, if such a name were thought of, to add a word suggestive of something beside patriotism and politics, and call it the "Christian Church of Canada." Of course there must be some who would object to a name so suggestive of a State church, but it must be remembered that the "Christian Guardian," rebuked by the communions concerned, practically admitted, in a controversy with the "Canadian Baptist," that it favored the idea of some sort of partnership with the State in "good works." Not entirely a pleasant prospect for those outside of what will be a powerful religious majority—and huge political factor.

RUSSIANS are accusing the Japs of atrocities during and after battles; the Japanese are making counter-charges of mutilations, robberies, etc., and probably both armies will be found, when the war correspondents are released from the press censors, to have been guilty in too many instances of disregarding the conventionalities of warfare with regard to the dead and wounded. General Sherman once said that "war is hell," and it would seem to be so even in the work of an army as orthodox in their Christianity as the Dutch. An Amsterdam cable records that in the campaign in Northern Sumatra against the Achinese, in one instance the Dutch troops slew 432, the killed including 281 women and 88 children, while 54 natives were wounded, and only 17 prisoners taken. On June 23 the Dutch attacked a native village, killing 654, including 186 women and 130 children, wounding 40, and taking 28 prisoners. In both cases the Dutch losses were trivial. It is practically a small war of conquest, the Achinese never having been subdued, and doubtless provoking these frightful slaughters by indulging in their favorite pastime of head-hunting. However, with these few details in mind of how the Dutch—who held up their hands in holy horror and lied persistently, if piously, when Britain was accused of barbarities in the Boer war, and in whose country is The Hague, headquarters of the world's peace tribunal—do business, the ordinary reader of the Russ-Jap war despatches will hardly be inclined to think the Japanese guilty of greater atrocities than Russians, simply because they have a different religious creed. When people start killing one another cred seems to make little difference, though one of the best deserved boasts of civilization is the great change which has of late years been brought about in the treatment of wounded enemies. So far as any reliable reports have been obtained Japan has not fallen at all short of its European competitors in slaughter in caring for the wounded, providing for prisoners, or in respecting and burying the dead.

"HARPER'S WEEKLY" is replying to the comments of the Canadian press concerning Secretary Hay's recent decision to monopolize the name "American," and henceforth to have all United States ministers, consuls, collectors of customs, etc., known as the "American" this, that, etc., informs Canada that the Republic has no desire to prohibit others from enjoying the use of the adjective, providing they will comply with certain conditions. It says: "We occupy the name, but our occupation is not exclusive. Canada, for example, would undoubtedly be welcome to join with us in the enjoyment of our national appellation." Canada is not worrying very much over the proprietorship of the name. We have no use for it ourselves, but we have a sense of propriety which receives a rude jolt when a nation occupying

less than one-half of one of the Americas has the nerve to monopolize the geographical name of all. To call the United States "America" is quite as ridiculous as to describe a cap and pair of swimming trunks as "a suit of clothes."

THE Fielding banquet at the King Edward on Monday night was a most successful and well-deserved tribute to the Finance Minister. Though this sort of thing is generally machine-made, the high esteem in which Hon. Mr. Fielding is held throughout the whole country has been earned by the kindly, unostentatious and able man who at no time has had anybody to push him forward, but has won his way by hard work and that best substitute for genius—indomitable and well-directed energy. While the statement of the really magnificent condition of Canada's finances and prospects which he was able to make does not indicate that the Liberal party is a good substitute for Providence, it proves, as far as anything can prove, the wise stewardship of Mr. Fielding.

A SYNDICATE of Yankee millionaires is said to have bought Popocatepetl, the volcano which towers over the City of Mexico, and to have paid half a million dollars for the same. The syndicate says it intends to mine the enormous quantities of sulphur said to be contained in the crater, a deposit which is slowly increasing year by year. If the millionaires are successful, and if it is as hard as the Scriptures say it is for the rich men to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, the same syndicate may be able to do something with the sulphur deposit they are apt to strike after they have quit business on this side of the Styx.

TWO political parties in Australia are reported to have united on the somewhat negative plank of the abandonment of free trade theories, and will present a united front to the Labor party, which obtained power owing to the two political factions being unable to agree on tariff matters. The campaign is likely to be the old order of things versus socialism, though the Labor party is, of course, unwilling to accept quite such a definition of their aims. No matter what descriptive term is used, it will be interesting to watch the contest of two parties so radically different, though both of them must be understood to be working, as usual, selfishly rather than for abstract principles.

AT the final meeting of the Open Air Horse Parade Association, held this week, the affair, which had been pronounced a great success by the thousands of people who witnessed it, was declared entirely successful from the standpoint of the directors. The Association has been incorporated, and we are glad to know Toronto is to have regular annual parades. Mr. Noel Marshall and his Board are to be congratulated upon having given this city such a good thing, so free from suspicion that anybody has a "graft" in connection with it.

IT is rumored that the Conservative party is disgusted with the Mail and Empire, and that paper is likely to change hands. What the paper needs is not a change of hands but a change of heads; not more fingers, but more brains. Editorially it is about as idiotic an imitation of a leading newspaper as any section of the human family has ever had. If the story of its reconstruction is not true it ought to be.



Mrs. G. P. Sylvester is spending a month in the country. Miss Allie Sylvester has just returned from a visit in Peterborough.

Mr. Gordon Crozier, who is a member of the Bank of Commerce staff at Elkhorn, Man., is spending his holidays with his people in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Hughes and their little son came up last week from Montreal. Mrs. Hughes is remaining on a visit to her people in Isabella street.

Miss Mary DuMoulin, who some time since took up nursing as a profession, spent a short visit in Toronto, the guest of Mrs. Nordheimer at Glenlyth, and had hoped to enjoy a month's vacation with friends always glad to welcome her, but received a peremptory summons from the New York hospital on Tuesday and returned to duty for the present. Miss DuMoulin is an enthusiast in her work, and was looking charming, though a little weary after a busy year.

Dr. and Mrs. Murray McFarlane have gone to the Western States and the Kootenay for the summer vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Seymour of Vancouver are visiting Mrs. Mercer Adam, 53 Avenue road, and are going later to St. Louis.

Mrs. A. Jukes Johnson and Miss E. Nordheimer of Glenlyth are to spend the vacation together at St. Andrew's, N.B.

Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland MacKlem are spending some time in Cobourg.

Mrs. J. S. McMurray and her family are at their summer place, "Edgewater," on the Breakwater, Center Island.

This evening the tennis dance at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, is the event of the week, following on several days of fine play.

The story of the English M.P. who was in his bath when the unexpected Division bell rang, and who marched out to vote in his bath-robe, recalls the exciting experience of a Canadian M.P. who was called five minutes before the train left which was to carry him to an extremely important meeting at the Capital. He appeared in the Pullman car, rumpled, breathless and clad in pyjamas, a high hat and an ulster. His shoes were unfastened and his general air strongly agitated. When the train reached Ottawa, the porter had to telephone for some further raiment for the loyal gentleman, who remained in his berth until it arrived from his lodgings.

Mr. William Gray of Grenfell, Assa., is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gray, in Dale avenue.

Miss Norah Denison, daughter of Mrs. William Denison of Winnipeg, has been visiting friends at Center Island, and will make another visit in Toronto shortly. She is now the guest of Mrs. W. Dunsford of Dundas.

Mrs. Herbert Hulme and her little daughter have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones in Elmsley Place. They returned to Belleville on Tuesday.

Mr. Perceval Ridout sails for England to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of Carbrook are at their summer place, Longuiss, Georgian Bay, and several Torontonians are and will be their guests during the season.

Mrs. Clarence Graff (Mlle. Toronto) is with Mr. Graff at a house party in the Berkshire Hills, Conn., and they will spend August at Sunapee in the White Mountains. Mrs. Graff says, "How is that darling tea-house getting on? I think it is the most attractive place on earth." Hats off, please, Strolling Players. The "darling tea-house" closed yesterday until September 15.

Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black have been spending some time at St. Mary's with Dr. Black's sister, Mrs. Bell.

Mrs. Whipple of Lockport, N.Y., is visiting her mother, Mrs. McLeod of 26 Crescent road. She arrived to-day.

The Misses Cattanach left last week for Stanley House, Lake Joseph, where they will spend the hot weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Ball are at 296 Lake Shore avenue, Center Island, for the summer. Mrs. Ball is a native of Brisbane, Queensland, and a decided acquisition, of much personal charm. Another Australian, who arrived in Toronto

this week, is Mrs. Lambe, a bride of last month, whose marriage took place in London, England. Mrs. Lambe is a daughter of the late Hon. Robert Bond of Melbourne, Australia, where her family hold a high position.

Mrs. Michie of Wellington Place and Miss Michie went to the West Coast to spend some time with Mrs. Michie's eldest daughter, last month. This week the Michie home is "maison fermee," for Mr. Charlie Michie and Mrs. Cowan have gone to a house-boat party on French River, and Major and the Misses Michie are at Fairy Lake and Lake of Bays.

Miss Annie Barker has come from New York on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Leys, Sherbourne street.

The Right Rev. William Lennox Mills, D.D., of Kingston, and Mrs. Mills have gone abroad for two months.

I see by an exchange that Mrs. (Admiral) Togo of Japan is a graduate of Vassar College. The ubiquitous Japs are a wonderfully smart people.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Bonnell are rusticating at Newtonbrook with their little daughter Bonnie, for whose health a sojourn in the country has been recommended.

Mrs. G. F. Marter and Miss Marter left town last Tuesday for Mackinac Island.

I see by a daily paper of Tuesday that a cablegram has announced the safe arrival of Mrs. Dickson Patterson, who sailed by the "Majestic" on June 22 for England. As I did not hear of the "Majestic" being overdue, I fancy it is only the item which is a bit late. Letters from Mrs. Patterson, received on Tuesday, tell of a very happy time with her family. She is visiting Mrs. Morgan, her sister, a pretty woman whom Toronto friends well remember.

Mrs. Francis and her family are at Dulce Domum, Center Island, for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Francis and their baby are spending some time with Mrs. Francis.

Mr. George Ritchie of Beverley street has closed his residence since spring and is living with Mr. Walter Read in Broadalbane street. Mrs. Ritchie will remain in Berlin, Germany, for a year, under medical care. Her by no means strong nervous system was recently severely tried by the death of her much-loved father in Berlin.

Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong and Miss Helen Armstrong are this week enjoying a sojourn in Brittany, having left London a few days since.

I hear that Mr. Casimir Gzowski has purchased the fine residence on the corner of Glen road and Maple avenue, once occupied by Hon. Senator Ferguson.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Cox have made a thorough transformation of the B. B. Osler residence in Queen's Park, and have been occupying it for some time.

Those crack polo players, Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, Captain Elmsley and Captain Van Straubenzie, are practicing with renewed energy at the Hunt Club. I am glad to see Captain Elmsley, looking very fit and handsome, in town again.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones left for Nantucket on Thursday.

Hon. G. W. Ross is deriving much benefit from his sojourn in the South.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee and Miss Violet Lee are at Mrs. Mead's, Center Island, for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson are at Center Island for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Massey are at their charming Island residence. Mr. and Mrs. George H. Gooderham are also at their Island home, near the Breakwater. Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gooderham are at their palatial Island home. Here and there on the avenue is a vacant house where one is accustomed to see merry parties.

Among those who, having enjoyed extensive travels in the season when Toronto is not pleasant, are taking great pleasure in staying at home just now, are Mr. and Mrs. Mulock and Mr. and Mrs. Haydn Horsey.

Major R. Myles has been away for some time and is still out of town, I believe.

They were trying the pipes in the organ factory one day recently when two ladies from the States were driving past Bay street. "For the land's sake, what's that?" cried one startled visitor. "Some one getting hurt there, I guess," said the other, impressively pointing to the legend, "Emergency Hospital," set forth upon the street lamp.

The Canadian Colony in London this season is quite remarkable, and they are enjoying the doings greatly. "Citoyenne" (Mrs. Clare FitzGibbon) gave a very interesting bit of society gossip describing several big and smart events, in a local paper this week. Never has old London been so close in touch with Canada as during the past two years.

"She has never been spoken of in connection with a flirtation, never given anyone the chance to say one word about her, never even accepted attentions from any man unless her husband was present. I never heard even a woman say a word against or critical of her. A splendid woman," said an untouchable person to his young parishioner. The latter stared, then shrugged her shoulders pityingly. "Pauvre!" she sighed. "Quelle vie!"

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp are spending the vacation at Little Metis, Quebec.

The Countess of Minto and her daughters are expected home next week.

Lord Dundonald sails on the "Tunisian" for England on July 29.

The Edmund Meredith homestead in Rosedale has been sold, and Mrs. and Miss Meredith will make their home at the Capital.

Mrs. and Miss Seymour are spending the summer at Port Hope.

Mr. and Mrs. DuVernet and Miss Marling sail from Quebec for England to-day.

The Misses Ball, formerly of Queen's Park, who have been visiting relatives in New York, returned to Toronto recently and for the present have taken apartments at the Arlington.

Mrs. Stephen Jarvis is in Muskoka on a visit to Mrs. Charles V. M. Temple.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Jarvis and their children are at Center Island.

The Argonaut Rowing Club will hold a midsummer dance at the Club House on Saturday, July 23, at 3 p.m. An exhibition race between the three eight-oared shells will be a splendid attraction.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Welsman of Madison avenue will spend the vacation at Hamill's Point, Muskoka, returning to town September 1.

Lady Gzowski and Miss Mary Gzowski are on the ocean, en route for Toronto.

Miss Tilley is in Montreal and St. Andrew's, N.B., for the summer, the guest of Mrs. Winans and of Lady Tilley.

They say Death loves a shining mark.

If so, I wonder who the bald heads near the orchestra are not the first to die?

—The "Soubrette."

Little Elmer—Papa, what is a Shylock?

Professor Broadhead—A Shylock, my son, is a man who is called so by the people to whom he lends money, because he expects them to pay it back.

Wm. Stitt & Co.
Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers
MILLINERY
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Paris Kid Glove Store
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Last Year's Designs
are not good enough for this year's trade with us. They may be as good in themselves but our patrons do not care to see the same wall-papers as their own in every other house they enter. There are enough new designs and our stock is large enough to give you something different from your neighbor.

Sole agents for Butcher's Boston Floor Polish.
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CUT GLASS
The finest cut glass made in the world
Made in Canada
We have one of the finest and largest cutting shops on the continent. As well as supplying the very best quality, we save you the American manufacturers profit and the duty.
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requiring flowers for the weekly dance or hop need only send their orders to Dunlop's and be sure of receiving the freshest and best flowers possible to procure.

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Flowers are guaranteed to arrive in perfect condition. Send for descriptive price list.
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From \$2.00 to \$25.00 each.

We have a new stock of :::: **JAPANESE** GOODS SUITABLE FOR HALL AND DINNER GONGS
RICE LEWIS & SON, LIMITED
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THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA
AUTHORIZED CAPITAL \$2,000,000.00
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Summer ...Silks

Very Reasonable

In a stock of unsurpassed variety and selectness, we have to offer during the balance of this month several lines of silks suitable for Shirt-Waist Suits, Summer Gowns and Bodices, at very much reduced prices.

Were 75c. to 1.25 yard, are now 50c. yd.

Were 1.00 to 1.50 yard, are now 75c. yd.

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King Street—opposite the Post-Office.
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DESIGNS**
In all the newest materials

**Tailored
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Ladies' own material receives the same careful and prompt attention, given our own goods.

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English Chop House
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Gentlemen only. Thirty rooms at graduated prices. Special rates by the week. Dining-room open on Sundays.

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You are assured of PURITY, QUALITY and DESPATCH. Use our mail order dept., telegraph or telephone.

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THE HOOPER CO., Limited,
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"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY."



We are holding a special clearing sale of shirt waists and shirt waist suits—and from a nice bright stock of "simply lovely" things you're going to be able to choose at next-to-nothing prices.

We think it's good business for us to let these lines go now—and we'll think it's "bad business" for you to let such chances slip by you. See these shirt waist specials:

30 dozen white lawn and Swiss all-over embroidered waists—full large sleeves, attached collar, sizes 34 to 40, worth 2.25 to 3.50, for 1.50
30 dozen shirt waists in white lawns—French voile vestings—Dresden stripe grosgrain, Swiss muslin and laces, sizes 34, 36 and 38 only, worth 1.50 to 2.50, for 50
8 only American model waists of Fine Duchesse and Liberty satin and crepe de Chine—were 22.50 to 17.50 40.00, for 17.50

Fairweather's
84 and 86 Yonge Street

SOCIETY

Mrs. Stephen Yarwood of Mexico City, formerly Edith Greene of Toronto, is spending three months with her father, Mr. Columbus Greene. Mrs. Yarwood's marriage took place very quietly last spring, when she and her husband went south. They visited the St. Louis Fair recently, and afterwards Mrs. Yarwood came east to redeem her promise to spend the summer with her father. The devoted father and daughter are quietly enjoying little jaunts to the various suburban beauty-spots hereabouts, and Mrs. Yarwood is looking splendid.

Mr. Burnett Laing, formerly of the Bank of Montreal, has been appointed agent of the Crown Bank at Brantford, Muskoka, and left at mid-week to begin business there.

Lieutenant-Colonel Victor Williams returned on Monday from a month's spent in camp. He came on from La Prairie.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell and Miss Crossen are in England on a holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grantham and Mr. Harry Grantham spent Sunday at Sturgeon Lake, making the trip in Mr. Grantham's smart motor car.

Mr. Charles McLeod is spending his vacation with his people in Crescent Road. Dr. Norman McLeod is accumulating experience in West Virginia.

A very handsome banquet of some two hundred and fifty covers was tendered to Hon. W. S. Fielding on Monday night in the American dining-room at the King Edward.

The invitation dance which each July opens the season of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association took place on Friday evening, July 8, in the Association Hall. The decoration of the hall was elaborate, Japanese lanterns and flags being used. Electric globes were placed at either end of the hall, the stage one shedding a brilliant light, but the west one suddenly remaining dark, a break which resulted in some confusion in the crowd at the west end, who strove to identify partners in a twilight suggesting the refrain, "All coons look alike to me." The music was exceedingly sweet and up-to-date and the attendance enormous. Pretty women and lovely girls were there by scores; the usual chaperones and several men were seated along either side of the room, while the dancers, as usual, packed themselves solid at the west end. Among those present were the president, Mr. A. R. Denison, Mrs. and Miss Cecile Denison, the latter very dainty and chic in pink with white girdle; Mrs. Victor Armstrong and her young daughter, Mr. Cecil Lee and Miss Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Wedd and Miss Wedd—"little Yum Yum" looking very happy and dancing all the time; Mrs. Conroy in a lovely violet dress with white lace, and Miss "Dimples" looking very handsome; the Misses and the Messrs. Lamont, true Islanders and enthusiastic dancers; Mr. Long, who is to spend next month at Mead's; Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wade, Mr. and Mrs. John Dyas, Mrs. Dyas (mere) and her sister-in-law, Miss Dyas; Mr. and Mrs. Fahey, Mrs. Fair and her tall son, Mr. Ernest Fair, Miss Fair, Mr. Ernest Wingate, Mrs. and Miss Eastwood, Mrs. and the Misses Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Trees, the Misses and the Messrs. Trees, the latter very nice young fellows, everywhere popular; Miss Gertrude MacKenzie of Roxborough, who is spending her vacation in town visiting her parents, and who looked charming; Miss Pansy Featherstonhaugh of Coddie, Mrs. and Miss Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Donald, Mr. and Mrs. Ernie McCrae, Mr. and Mrs. Doble, Mr. Jim Merrick, Mr. and Mrs. Horrocks, the Misses Rust, Mr. and Mrs. Sherrie, and a host of men and maidens who filled the place to overflowing. The floor was perfect—a pleasure to dance upon—and the whole affair was a distinguished success. City people coming over in good time were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ritchie and a couple of young friends. Before the strains of the orchestra sounded through the hall the whole company at the dance were gathered downstairs on the wide board walk, arranging dances and filling programmes, as well as promising the usual intermission of a paddle on the romantic reaches of water which lead to fairyland when those who pass that way are young and impressionable. Canoes glided out from the wharf, with a bundle of laces and muslins shining white among the end cushions, while amidst the knees, in appropriate devotion, the stalwart paddler. It is the good old summer time and the water is high, too high say those who back and front yards are low. Visitors in our city generally find themselves tremendously pleased with an evening on Center Island. An old-timer was comparing it as it is to-day, a thing of beauty and health, with the Island of less than a score of years ago, and a poem of gratitude was sung to the memory of good old Alderman Lamb and enthusiastic Alderman Hallam, whose farseeing had it was to develop Island beauty for city folk.

Very Rev. Dean Harris of St. Catharines, who has spent four years in Mexico, South and Central America, is at his home in "the city of heavenly rest," and has such accounts of his long journeys and experience to give you those acquainted with his cultured intelligence and perception will expect. The dean is an author whose books are much prized, and whose travels will, I hope, eventually add to the libraries of his many admirers.

Mrs. Grant Macdonald and Miss Macdonald are at Miss Williams' Lambton Mills, for the summer.

Mrs. and Miss Lister are spending the summer with relatives at the Sauls.

Mrs. Arthur T. Kirkpatrick of Orange road is at Little Metts with her children. News from Captain Kirkpatrick in Denver is happily encouraging.

Mrs. John Cartwright and Miss Cartwright are at Cap a l'Aigle, Murray Bay.

Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick has made a splendid recovery from an operation for appendicitis and has left St. Michael's Hospital, where he received excellent care and nursing.

Mrs. and Miss Carleton of "Cary-borrow," Rosedale, have gone to Quebec, where they will be guests at the Chateau Frontenac, and then go to the Saguenay.

Mrs. George S. Fitzgerald and Master Rolly of North Beaconsfield avenue, Mrs. W. F. Towne of Carlton

street, with her sister, Miss Nina Caulfield, and Miss Millie Gibson of Danville, Quebec, have gone to Redwood, Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Fred Gundy are spending the month of July at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

For the reception to Lord Dundonald on Friday evening at Massey Music Hall the first gallery was reserved for ladies and their escorts until eight o'clock.

Recent Toronto registrations at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, are: Mr. and Mrs. O. D. McCullough, Messrs. Ernest W. Lake, George R. Hargrave, Graydon McCullough, Robert Armstrong, W. K. Dowerthy, H. J. Fairhead, V. T. Lightbourn, W. D. Smith, J. Swabey, W. H. Ketchum, John Paton, H. J. Minty, C. W. R. Postlewaite, Robert C. Houston and J. G. Gibson, Dr. Charles B. Snelgrove, Messrs. George H. Smith, David Carlyle, J. S. Willison, J. C. Jones, W. L. Edmonds, D. Hoskins, James Baird, H. Thomas Wilson, Ed. Boisseau, B. E. Hawke, R. J. Cairnes, J. Booth, George Oakley, F. G. Anderson, John Pearson, L. H. Bowerman, J. R. Code, B. Morrian Jones, C. T. Mead, Mr. and Mrs. John McKnight, Mrs. Strachan Cox, Miss Cox, Miss May Temple, Miss Wood, Mr. W. W. Wood, Mr. George Elliott, Dr. Ball, Mr. H. E. Simpson, Mr. M. H. Denison, Mr. A. P. Reid, Mr. Nicol King, Mr. L. M. J. Kingsmill, Mr. F. A. Drake, Mr. H. A. Richardson, Mr. G. L. Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Lyon, Mr. W. J. McGuire, Miss McGuire, Mr. and Mrs. Lawie, Messrs. C. M. McDonald, W. E. Mass, C. B. Murray, F. E. Cosgrove, Miss Kennedy, Miss W. Mosey, Miss E. Mosey, Mr. H. A. Scott, Mr. J. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Dickson, Mr. W. R. Hodgsons, Miss Hodgsons, Mr. P. W. Bailey, Mr. Andrew J. Taylor, Mr. Charles Boeckh, Mr. H. R. O'Hara, Mr. J. Reine, Mr. Herbert Shaw, Mr. John Laidlaw, Mr. J. H. Orr, Mr. A. Knox, Mr. R. Moon, Mr. G. C. Creelman, Mr. W. E. Buckingham, Dr. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McD. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Warwick, Messrs. W. R. Mosey, H. C. Bolter, G. E. Bolter, E. G. C. Sinclair, J. S. Moran, D. Henderson, A. W. Sinclair, John Baine, B. McKay and F. Tremble, Mrs. James A. Knox and Miss Knox, Dr. W. E. Hamill, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Elmore, Mr. E. H. Bissett, Mr. C. G. Plick, Mrs. F. Glen, Messrs. H. W. Crossin, W. N. Shaver, G. S. Percy, M. Chisholm, W. Draper and W. H. Grant, Mrs. Alexander C. Holm, Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Pepler, Miss Jeanette McCullough.

Among the prominent Toronto families spending the summer at the Queen's Royal, Niagara, are Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Barclay, Miss Jeanette Barclay, Mr. William C. Barclay, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Clark, Master Christie Clark, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Glasco, Miss Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haus and family, Mrs. Charles T. Harvey, Mr. G. Willis Hives, Mr. and Mrs. Hees, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. King, Mr. J. G. McGee, Mrs. J. P. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Macdonald, Master Harold Macdonald, Master Frank Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Snydam.

Grimsby Park's programme always begins on Dominion Day. This year the Wardell Family Reunion in right of way and turned out some 500 strong, notwithstanding the teeming showers that came at intervals during the day. The Wardells trace back their family history here in America for one hundred and seventy years, and they are now quite a numerous company. Among the speakers at the afternoon meeting were Isaac Wardell, one from Smithville and one from Toronto, each of them being a member of a family of 16, and all alive except one of the brothers of the Toronto Isaac, who during his current year departed this life at the ripe age of 88. Mr. W. C. Wilkinson, president of Grimsby Park, extended on behalf of the directors a cordial invitation to all the visitors. Under the presidency of Mr. McMichael, one of them, addresses were delivered by various members of the family. The opening entertainment was given in the Auditorium by Mr. Frank R. Conklin, who pleased his audience very much by the naturalness of his rendition of selections from "David Copperfield."

Sunday services were conducted by Rev. L. W. Hill, B.A., Toronto. Mr. Thomas McGillicuddy on Tuesday evening gave his excellent and practical talk on "Your Neighbor" to an audience that yielded themselves completely to his oratorical art, and accordingly enjoyed themselves amazingly. Grimsby Park Bowlers in the first round at the Niagara tournament held their own with their opponents—Canada No. 2—the score being 22 for each. Park House opened May 24 and has had a goodly number of guests from the commencement. Among the earlier arrivals were: Mrs. and Miss Moss of Washington, D.C.; Mrs. S. J. Jones of Toronto; Rev. E. A. Chown of Toronto, and shortly after came Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Martin of Toronto, Miss E. Hall of Toronto Junction, Miss Crompton of Brantford, Miss Preston of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. Brimer of Toronto, Mrs. E. Hall, Mr. Harvey of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. McLeod of Toronto, Mrs. A. Craig and children, Mrs. Martha Tucker, Miss Jessie Tucker of Ottumwa, Iowa, Mr. K. G. Deaton of St. Catharines. Lakeview opened July 2, and has had for its guests: Mr. R. C. Lowery, Rev. L. W. Hill, 29 Euclid avenue, Mrs. Redmill of Toronto, Mr. Frank R. Conklin of New York, Mr. Webster and family of Philadelphia, Miss M. K. Williams of Buffalo, N.Y., Charles Webster, Mr. H. H. Mara of Toronto, Miss Margaret Cairns of St. Catharines, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McGillicuddy, Master Jack McGillicuddy of Toronto.

Talk of Another Hot Wave.
There is every probability of another hot spell in the next few days. The long-headed will be prepared before it reaches here by providing themselves with electric fans.

Many of the most practicable styles are shown at the uptown showrooms of the Toronto Electric Light Company, Limited, at No. 12 Adelaide street east.

"Miss Oldgirl seems anxious to conceal her age." "Yes, she claims to be afraid of the crowd."

Lover's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap
Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt

There is no room left for doubt as to the usefulness of Malt Extract in weakness and nervous diseases, provided you use Malt Extract, carefully and honestly made from Barley Malt.

Your Doctor will tell you O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt is the best, for he knows how it is made and what it is made from.

If you need Malt Extract and want the best, insist upon getting "O'Keefe's."

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Do you enjoy coffee? A good cup of coffee made by our new coffee machines is indeed delicious to the most discriminating palate. We have them on exhibition and can better explain their merits orally. They average about \$12 each. Let us have the pleasure of showing them to you.

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Man is three-fold in nature, he lives, feels, thinks; our present system of education largely deals with the training of the body and intellect. The Tucker School of Psycho-Physical Expression considers the third medium also—viz., the emotions and their relationships to life. In this respect it considers life practically its own, but one which has proven its merit by sending forth work which has received endorsement from the best educators in the States and Canada. Among them may be mentioned Mr. James L. Hughes and Hon. G. W. Ross. Mrs. Anna P. Tucker, its president, may be consulted on Monday or Wednesday morning between 10 and 12, at Normal School building, Gould street, or at Queen's Hotel by appointment—address there.

Go With the Crowd to Fort Erie
Saturday 16th.

Leaving Toronto at 11:30 a.m., on fast special train via Grand Trunk, running direct to Fort Erie racetrack, and returning immediately after last race. \$2 for the round trip valid returning until Monday. Get tickets at city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

Popular Outing Trip.

Leave Toronto 8:00 a.m., Monday, Wednesday or Friday, connecting at Sarnia with palace steamers "Huronie," "Monarch" or "United Empire," which leave for the Soo, Port Arthur, and on Monday and Wednesday for Duluth. Round trip, including meals and berth on steamer, to Sault Ste. Marie \$18.75, Port Arthur or Fort William \$24.75, Duluth \$38.75. Call at Grand Trunk city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets, for tickets and full information.

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Finnan Haddies
Herring and Tomato

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Chocolate Cream Bars
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BATHING CAPS
Sponge Bags
Curling Tong Lamps
Cold Cream (in tubes)
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Johnny

JOHNNY was journeying west on the trucks of a freight car, traveling in solitary grandeur, uncontaminated by contact with the common herd, hedged about against the trespass of inferiors by a barrier of flying wheels, which was as impenetrable as those barriers that surround kings. But when the train pulled up for water at the Paradise tank, he cast off the remoteness of his dignity, and came out like any other tourist, walking up and down the shady side of the track, stretching his limbs, filling his lungs with fresh air, and enjoying the scenery. Now Paradise, as almost everybody knows, was composed of squat, rectangular houses, bounded by low walls of sun-dried brick, which were cut into at irregular intervals by narrow, infrequent windows. It sat upon the sands, a dark blotch upon a light brown sea.

Its most ardent admirers could not have claimed it to be a pretty outlook; but something there was in the lonely desolation that fastened itself inexorably upon Johnny's rather restless heart. Without hesitation, he slipped beneath the car, whence he soon brought forth a slender, dust-laden parcel, done up in a ragged newspaper, and, having his possessions in his hand and the homing instinct in his heart, from that instant he may truly be said to have become a resident of Paradise.

A brakeman came along, walking rapidly, a coupling-pin gripped tight in his fist. He halted face to face with the tramp, at whom he looked threateningly.

"Don't you get under them cars again," he commanded, frowning heavily, lifting the pin, as if about to strike. "Don't you do it, or I'll bust your blamed head."

"Who, me?" drawled Johnny, innocently. "Why, I've quit this road. I'm afraid of train robbers."

He looked down lovingly upon his paper parcel, patted it softly with his free hand, and, with an evil grin upon his face, shuffled away to the drip of the tank. Thus it was that Johnny became an inhabitant of the desert, dwelling in a Paradise, upon the border of the Shifting Sands.

Of course there was much conjecture concerning the tenderfoot, and much speculation whether he had been traveling upon the trucks of a freight car to evade the law officers, or because of some great financial embarrassment, or whether it was a matter of preference and habit. But he stood the drinks for the crowd, offering no explanation, hospitable but reticent, and once the mystic ceremony was ended, appeared to regard himself as an initiate.

There were others who thought differently—who thought the freedom of the desert worthy of purchase at a greater cost—who thought more than

a single degree necessary to constitute one a master of their craft. That night, at Charlie's saloon, the bar was humming with noise. Then it was that it appeared to occur to Post Oak Pete that the monotony of the occasion required some special effort to lift it out of the commonplace.

"Hey! Whoop! Hurrah!" he shouted, jumping high in the air, clapping his boots together, and shouting like a conqueror, with noise. Then it was that it appeared to occur to Post Oak Pete that the monotony of the occasion required some special effort to lift it out of the commonplace.

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"Well, I just won't." Pete's gun came to a cock with a hostile click that held in it a world of deadly significance. At the sound, Johnny, with a start, overhauled, stretching himself endlessly across the world. To the east it lay flat as a floor, relieved by no markings, unrolled and empty to the heat-stricken horizon. In the north and west it heaved and swelled and sank in hills and hollows of shifting sand, breaking into uncertain landmarks, which changed with the winds and were baffled and incomprehensible. The Altamont road came into view beyond the rounding shoulder of the Hog Back, and wound sinuously along the edge of the flat, until it disappeared in the purple haze that veiled the distant north, seeming to lead mysteriously from unknown to unknown, to wander lonesomely over the world from the infinite to the infinite.

"Can you see the stage a-comin' yet, Johnny?" inquired the Hawk, lazily. "Who, me?" answered the tramp. "Why, I don't think that's it, away off yonder."

His eyelids drooped together with the intensity of his effort to penetrate the distance, the pupils of his eyes showed through narrowing slits; he lifted himself to a sitting position and put up his hands to shut out the glare. At length his hands dropped and he lay down again.

"That's the stage," he said, with confidence, turning toward the Hawk. At one side, a buzzard circled slowly, with extended, motionless wings, sailing the air idly in wide circles, mounting higher and higher in an effortless ascent. Its shadow fell in the depths of the gulf that lay below the meek, small, dark blotch, waving erratically upon the dun-colored sand, as plainly to be seen as if it had been in the palm of one's hand.

The Hawk looked down the hill with heavy, troubled eyes, and stirred uneasily as the minutes went silently by. At last he shifted himself nervously, glanced quickly at Johnny, who lay as motionless as if he had been the lifeless figure of a man carved in stone to a miraculous simulation of reality.

"What I don't just see," said the Hawk, after long silence, "is what's the need of killin' the driver."

He looked at the other furtively out of the corners of his eyes. The tramp, answering nothing, sat up and, lifting a handful of sand, sifted it idly between his fingers.

"What I say is 'live and let live,' an' it's a good sayin', too." The Hawk's voice, which began the words loudly, trailed off drearily into an unbroken silence.

"The long an' the short of it is as how I don't stand for killin' the driver. Not unless he draws his gun an' gits himself killed in fair fight."

As the complaining voice droned on, Johnny threw back his head, and looked at the speaker with fierce impatience.

"They ain't nobody goin' to git away from that stage," he asserted, sharply. "You don't have to kill nobody. I'll do it myself."

His lips shut together in a thin line, his jaw protruded pugnaciously.

"You think I'm goin' to fool my neck broke for any such damn foolishness?" he added, more softly.

The Hawk lay down again, and reposed into a calm silence. The buzzard was no longer visible, save as a speck upon the surface of the fiercely flaming sky. In the north, the stage, miles away, seemed to be motionless, stood still like a fixed point, appeared as a black blot on the open scroll of the desert.

"What's that?" questioned Johnny, suddenly rising to his feet, and standing rigid with attention. But the Hawk, rising also, heard nothing, saw nothing.

"It's a baby a-cryin'," declared the tramp.

"Sho, what'd a baby be a-doin' out here?" asked his companion, holding the idea in derision.

"You can hear so durned good, you frequently hears things that isn't," he mockingly asserted a moment later.

And they sat down again, looking to the north, watching the slow progress of the stage that was so heavily loaded with their hopes, eyeing it intently as it came inch by inch along the sandy road. While they sat, each reflecting deeply upon their approaching fortunes, there came up behind them, through the saddle of the Hog Back, a child, Katy's Kid, mazed in the depths of the desert, tear-stained and forlorn.

It was like the rising of the sun on a misty morning, when his eyes fell upon the men. His arms stretched out toward them appealingly, his feet slipped over the sands as if he were shod with the shoes of silence. He approached them noiselessly; in the intensity of his emotion his breath was suppressed, he was immersed in the soundless depths of joy.

He fell upon the neck of Thomas Hawk, trembling with gladness, sobbing out his relief. In that vast and savage desert, not the heat, nor hunger, nor even the thirst that assailed him, had so broken the spirit of the boy as had the loneliness and desolation in which he had seemed to be fatally submerged.

"Well, I'm damned," said the Hawk, and fell silent.

The blood rushed to his face, showing through the tan and weather-stain of years. From beneath shaggy brows he looked shamefacedly across at Johnny, deprecating his ridicule, seeking encouragement for the feeling of tenderness which grew so rapidly at the touch of those tender arms. But the tramp stood grim and frowning. "I want my mother," begged the Kid, rubbing his face affectionately

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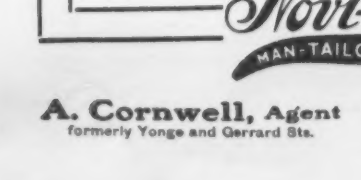


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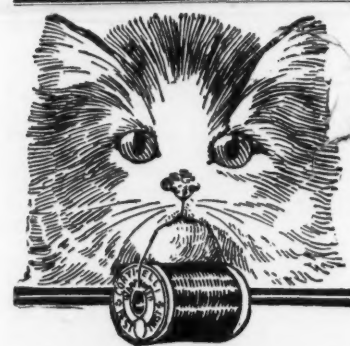
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against the man's shoulder.

"You'll take me, won't you, Mr. Hawk?"

But Hawk scratched his head perplexedly, and made a diversion by filling the child with water from his canteen. Then he opened his arms with tenderness, and they talked together, with equal pleasure, so you would have said the simplicity of the man was as great as that of the child.

A few feet away stood Johnny, with his thin lips firmly compressed, grim and frowning, and out in the north the stage came nearer and nearer. Hawk looked out of the corners of his eyes at that rock of a man, glanced at him with furtive intentness, seeking stealthily in him for something he did not find, and finding something he had not sought, finding something unnatural and forbidding, something that chilled his heart and compelled him to draw the little boy still closer.

"You take me to Charley and Kate," urged the boy.

"You hold him away from you a little, an' you won't need no gun to take him nowhere," commanded the tramp, and the Hawk saw he had his hand on the butt of his gun.

"You take me to Katy, an' she'll kiss you," the boy offered the greatest reward of which he could think. The Hawk turned fiery red in an instant, and Johnny laughed aloud, but his laugh was ferocious and far from pleasant, so that the child shivered, even in that scorching heat, and clapping his arms around his friend's legs, suggested him close, as if thereby to escape something infinitely menacing which he had detected in Johnny's mirth.

Thereupon the Hawk diplomatically took advantage of the proximity of the child to withdraw his own gun from his belt. With this action there came to him a sudden access of courage. "Now, Johnny," he said, "fronting that individual more boldly. 'Let's put this thing in words, an' see just how low down it looks. What is it you wants with this yer boy?'"

"Who, me?" answered the other, unabashed. "Why, I'm a-goin' to serve that there Katy's Kid same's the driver."

"I'll see you damned first," remarked the Hawk, with some enthusiasm. "I ain't no sneaking baby-killer."

"Which you don't have to be," said Johnny, sharply; "but I'm a family man, an' I've got others to look after." And he grinned derisively.

Then, gun in hand, with intent, unwinking eyes, the two men stood upon that summit of savage desolation, each regarding the other with an alert and hostile gaze, and discussed the question of life and of death for the little boy, who, filled with an uneasy half-comprehension of an oncoming fatal issue, listened, wide-eyed and anxious, shivering with a growing terror of something sombre and inevitable, which he could not fully understand. In the meantime, the stage drew so near it could be seen as plainly as if it had been crawling at their feet, the sun sank lower in the western sky, the air was heavy and breathless, as if nature itself waited, white-lipped and distraught, paralyzed by the greatness of its fear.

"Well," said the Hawk, with an air of finality, wiping the sweat from his forehead upon the sleeve of his shirt. "This yer stage-robberin' is my own game, as I've played it for a long time, an' I ain't a-askin' to be learned nothin' about it by no confounded long-distance tramp. An' I don't stand for killin' no drivers, nor no babies, neither. I'm a-goin' to take Katy's Kid back to Paradise, an' you can go on an' hold 'em up any way you damn please."

"Oh, I want mamma Kate," pleaded the Kid, misty-eyed with fear. "I want my mother."

The Hawk laid his hand upon the boy's head for an instant. Had it not been for the man's evil life, one might have thought it a benediction. Then he stepped to the front, masking the small body with his own larger figure.

"So you're a-quitin' me, are you?" inquired Johnny, his heavy jaw protruding pugnaciously, his eyes narrowing to slender slits, through which the pupils shone threateningly.

"Yes, I've quit," answered the Hawk, with decision. "When I can't agree with a gentleman about the rules of a game, I just don't."

What that he did not do he never said, for, as he spoke, the tramp opened fire, crying out at the same time, "Well, by God, you'll quit it dead, you an' your Kid, too."

The Hawk answered in kind, giving back shot for shot, perhaps with an occasional extra, for he had had much practice. But, then, he was somewhat embarrassed by the need he felt of protecting the Kid. The smoke refused to rise, hanging between the combatants, a thickening veil, which soon became impenetrable. The resourceful Hawk, having upset the boy in the depths of the draw, threw himself upon the ground, muttering that folks most always shot too high, and reserved his ammunition, being too economical and having also too great a regard for the sacredness of his own life to waste cartridges on an unseen foe.

But this adversary was not like the others. In an instant, as if it had been in the twinkling of an eye, there came, charging through the smoke, a figure that might well have struck terror to the bravest heart. Some ghastly half-chance had directed a bullet through the front of his face, striking him upon the cheek bone, tearing frightfully through the upper jaw, the nose and teeth, leaving a disfigured and bloody front, bestial and horrible. In addition, he had a bullet in his lungs and he felt that death was upon him. On he came, malignant, incapable of change of purpose, his guns exhausted and thrown aside, knife in hand, his narrowed eyes inhumanly hostile, staring from above that horrid mask, his breath gurgling and rattling.

"It's surely a devil from the deepest hell," thought Hawk, as the tramp threw himself upon him. Nevertheless, being a man who neglected no opportunities, he scrambled to his feet, and fired his two remaining shots into the body of his adversary. Then came the shock and grapple of hand-to-hand conflict, and both fell to the ground, the tramp uttermost, his knife upraised, glittering fiercely in the rays of the declining sun. There it hung for a moment that seemed ages long. The bright steel wavered, descended a little, wavered again, and fell at last, cutting the air swiftly, like a star falling out of heaven. A suppressed groan burst from the tramp, and he fell over, lying with his face against the shoulder of the Hawk—stone dead at last.

At the foot of the Hog Back, the driver, unconscious of the narrowness of his own escape, was leaning far over in his seat, shading his eyes with one hand, gazing curiously up the slope toward the scene of the tragedy.

Silently the Hawk slipped out from beneath the body of the tramp. Rising to his feet, he stooped over, looking long at the knife, its blade buried to the hilt in the sand; looked at the red-circled bullet holes, through which the life-blood of his one-time friend had escaped, and looked down at the slowly passing stage, creaking and groaning beneath its golden burden, and at Katy's Kid, tearfully imploring to be taken to his mother.

"What an awful mess Johnny did make of it," he muttered, wiping his gunnysack a dirty but sockal shirt sleeve. "But, by God, he wasn't no quitter."

And those were the only remarks of either requiter or eulogist that were ever spoken above the mortal remains of Johnny—William D. Williams, in the "Metropolitan."

A Busy Woman.

"E-H-YAH! There was my Aunt Debby, who was as good a woman as 'most ever walked the ground, and so busy that she was forty-eight near painful, at times," said old Timrod Tarpy, whose jovial philosophy was occasionally strabismussed by pessimism. "She raised eight children that were fully as good as the average, contributed to over 200 missionaries of one kind and another, fed 400 preachers, mostly on chicken-and-dumplings, darned 9,000 socks, cooked 65,000 meals, washed 800,000-and-several dishes, and had something near a million different last words with the husband of her bosom. She weighed 107 pounds, and sorter reminded you in certain ways of a goose in a hall-storm."

At last, she laid her work down, and, according to the testimony of the attending physician and clergyman, died, and entered into her eternal rest. But two hours, or such a matter, later, she opened her eyes and inquired if her husband hadn't failed, with his usual absentmindedness, to put out the cat. Having been assured, and that, while washing the dishes on the third day after the funeral, he had accidentally let a good-sized piece of soap slide down the sink-drain and couldn't get it out."

Deceived.

It is only the same old story— I trusted a woman's face. I gazed on her hair's bright glory, And her figure's lissome grace.

Her eyes were so near to weeping, As she pled for a man's great trust, I'd have given my soul to her keeping, So I yielded—as all men must.

But, fickle as any sailor, She left me to vain regret; (I am a ladies' tailor yet!) And she owes for her habit yet!"

Sick Doctor.

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The food experience of a physician in his own case when worn and weak from sickness is a valuable lesson. The worst way is valuable:

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Advice to a Household Cat

As you sit before the blazing fire, reflect that the wild being consumed, presumably for your benefit, costs all the way from nine dollars to fifteen dollars a score. Make yourself uneasy over this, if possible.

Wonder occasionally where your next meal is coming from. Consider the uncertainty of life and the possibility of your not having the next meal at all, and make yourself nervous over it.

Let your dreams be troubled. All about you there are suffering, trials, disappointments, agonies and general misery. Let it be on your mind that you may be the next one, and then, every time you wake up and change your tail, you will be conscious of a deep sense of oppression.

Worry about your coat. Nature has arranged it so that it is thicker in the winter than it is in the summer, but this may not always be so. At any time, by some perversity of Providence, you might begin to shed your hair at the beginning of a cold snap; this is fully enough to give you cause for alarm.

Learn to control your muscles. At present, as you lie prone, they are hopelessly relaxed. This state went out long ago. Keep them taut and firm and strung up, ready for any emergency; ready, for example, to jump when an automobile is coming your way.

Be as unnatural as possible. It is bad form to be yourself. It shows a hopeless disregard for Philosophy, Science and the higher education. When you meow, do it in secret. It is bad form to meow openly. And remember this: that, unless you strive to be all these things, you can never hope to be anything else but a cat.

ADDISON FOX, JR.

John Bull and the Prince.

THE Alake of Abeokuta has been in England, where his coming and going were attended with thrilling ceremonies. Bands were at the docks and stations to greet him with martial strains, banners were flung upon the breeze in his honor, he rode in a state carriage and his person was guarded by soldiers. If he had been the Ahkoon of Swat or the Babu of Ningkan he could not have been hailed with greater enthusiasm than the English people exhibited wherever he appeared. Now that he has gone, however, some fussy person has been making inquiries as to his standing among the potentates of earth, and it is discovered that the Alake of Abeokuta is "merely one of those chiefs who are as common as tramps on the coast of Africa." At home, according to the statement of this informant, the Alake wears no cloth of gold, but a simple cotton loin-cloth, and lives in a mud hut with a thatched roof.

Great indignation has followed the announcement that the Alake is a mere cheap skito, so to speak, among princes. It is asserted by those Britons who spent money and wasted valuable time and energy in helping to make demonstrations in his honor that the government should have set them right before they permitted themselves to whoop enthusiastically for a person whose brother whom they supposed to be the prince of one of his Majesty's dominions over the sea, but who turns out to be of much less importance than the average head waiter.

This is one of the penalties of imperialism. How many Americans are there who could tell, off-hand, what the rank and standing of each of our dattos and sultans is or how many guns should be fired in his honor if one of them should vouchsafe to visit the absence of full information we could only go to our British cousins have done and be on the safe side by parading and cheering and waving flags with all the enthusiasm at our command.

While we sympathize with the English people in this their hour of sorrow, we must confess that we rather admire the nerve exhibited by the Alake of Abeokuta in permitting himself to be treated as a real prince entitled to wear cloth of gold and live at public expense. We are, in fact, inclined to believe that he is the original Smart Alake.—Chicago "Record-Herald."

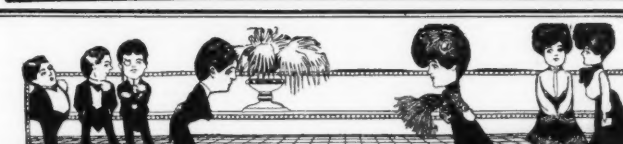
"So she has started on a life journey into matrimony, has she?" "Well, I guess it is only an excursion trip."—Brooklyn "Life."

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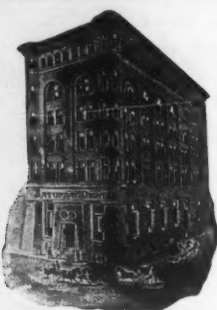
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OUTDOOR PASTIMES.

THE air is thick with suggestions as to what should be done most fittingly to do honor to Lou Scholes. Perhaps the winner of the Diamond Sculls may view with delight the prospect of being paraded around town on the top of an aerial truck, but if he does his tastes have changed. If ever there was a modest man, young Scholes is the article. When he returned from Philadelphia, after last year's victory, he could hardly be induced to talk about the race—a fact which shows plainly that he can never become a professional oarsman. His father has announced, on his behalf, that he will abandon rowing after this season. His marriage comes off in September, and after that great event the champion will settle down to business. And the Scholes family possess business ability in a marked degree. John F. has one of the most profitable hotels in the city, and John, junior, is said to be making all kinds of money in Collingwood. Truly Scholes, senior, had the best of judgment when he put his foot down on either of the boys becoming professional. Young Jack, when he boxed in the lightweight class, could have just about made a show of Terry McGovern—or at least so say men who are authorities on the boxing game. Two or three "American" sporting promoters tried at various times to induce young Scholes to enter professional ranks, but he would not hear of it, and John F. emphatically remarked that his sons would always be amateurs, as he himself has been. The London "Sportsman," which is usually pretty accurate in athletic information, on the day after the victory announced that John F. was "a professional, who has met Sullivan and Mitchell in the prize-ring." John F. never was a professional. He never met Sullivan in the ring, although he and Charley Mitchell some twenty years ago gave an exhibition of boxing in the old Adelaide street rink. But there was no purse involved, and Mitchell, who was none too well off in those days, got the gate receipts. All Scholes did was to help out a broken sport. There is not a straighter amateur in Canada than John F. He never needed to become a professional, and if he had lacked funds he would have wrought mighty hard at something else before going after purses. He has nothing against professionals—has many friends among them—but his pride in being an amateur has always been great.

If the Chippewas in their match with the Tecumsehs last Saturday had followed "riding orders" they might have come nearer beating the Indians. Tom Humphrey, when with the club as trainer, always besought them to shoot fast and often. That is just what the Chippewas did not do. They persisted in attempting passes when they should have been raining in the shots on James. The result was that the Tecumsehs' splendid defence had plenty of time to get into position, and when that defence is in place mighty few homes can penetrate it. When all is said and done, the Tecumsehs are undoubtedly a better team than the Chippewas. They have a better choice of men and they began the season with a perfect organization, whereas the Chippewas were a new club, with a new management, and a lot of players largely unknown to each other. Again, the Tecumsehs have a fine ground to practice on, while the Chippewas are cramped in the Grand Central Rink, which has a mountainous surface of hard-baked clay. No team can develop good lacrosse when playing on a ground that is like to send a couple of men home with sprained ankles every night. The ground question must be satisfactorily settled before the Chippewas can expect to carry away any championship silverware.

And all the lacrosse players who pride themselves on their judgment came out right in their guesses as to the result of the Brantford-Shamrock series. The sons of Erin proceeded to do up the men from the banks of the Grand in "two straight sets," as they would have said in the old days. Perhaps the Brantford twelve expected to win, but they, in that case, were about the only authorities in the country who looked at it in that way. When all is said and done, the better crowd won. The Shamrocks went in to make the pace so fast that the Brantford men could not keep it up. The plan worked to a charm. For the first two quarters of the game the Westerners gamely stayed with Thomas O'Connell's pets. Then, having shot their bolt, the Brantfordites lagged, and the Shamrocks proceeded to win the match and put another crimp in their cinch on the Minto cup. It was a well worked out plan.

The Shamrocks never did go in for fancy lacrosse, and they have not altered their methods in this year of grace. When it is necessary to go "down the middle," down the middle they go, even though the sticks may be ready in the hands of any kind of strenuous defence. It takes a game man to slide right into danger when it is just as easy for him to pike for the side and do some "pretty work" that always calls forth the plaudits of the large proportion of lacrosse spectators who fail to see that all the "pretty work" in the world does not win matches when it takes place on the side of the field. Unfortunately for the "pretty workers," the goals are in the middle, and that is where matches are won. The Toronto, now either dead or sleeping, were the greatest crowd of grand stand players in the last few years that the country ever saw. Not that they were all playing to the gallery. Hanley, for instance, attended strictly to business. But on the whole they were showy and ineffective. Startling combinations, spectacular runs and marvelous catches all look nice, but they aren't ace-high when compared with the work of the home man who gets the ball, bores in, and slams it at the goal in the quickest style. Time is the essence of the goal-shooting contest, for every hundredth of a second gives the defence time to mass.

For good, twenty-carat partisanship the small town is the real article when sport is to be reported. They had a lacrosse match at Tweed the other day, and it ended in a riot, mainly because the visiting team was winning. The game ended in a tie, for the reason that the spectators proceeded in a body to invade the field and distribute love taps to the strangers within their gates. Of course the referee

had to stop the game—which was just what was wanted. Did the Tweed crowd feel ashamed of itself? In the words of the local editor, "we frow not." They sat down and sent a despatch to the Toronto newspapers, announcing that the bloody battle had ended in a draw. "The spectators having to go on the field to see fair play." Doubtless this means that a howling mob of infuriated Tweedites surged on the field when their men were being beaten. "To see fair play!" They were ready to "fight like devils for reconciliation," no doubt. Yes, the local feeling in the average small town is pretty strenuous.

The writer is prepared to leave to a tribunal composed of any three impartial jurists of repute (providing the verdict is fixed in advance) the question as to whether the Yankees behaved in a sportsmanlike manner in winning the Palma trophy last year at Bisley. The conditions called for the teams to shoot with the service rifles in use in the various armies. The "Americans" did not. They used specially manufactured guns, and they captured the electro-plate. At the time the "News" correspondent pointed out the fact that the conditions were violated, but the correspondents of other papers—who, by the way, had got "scooped" on the item—said there was nothing in the rumor. Now the "Americans" have returned the cup to the National Rifle Association of England. They refuse to acknowledge that they did not play fair. If they complied with the rules what is the matter with them? Rifle shooting is supposed to be an honest sport, but it isn't so always. Perhaps some of us remember the case at Bisley last summer, where an Englishman was expelled for life for having bribed a marker at one of the targets. In the same way it might be as well for the Canadians and English to "expel" the "Americans"—that is, to refuse to compete for the Palma trophy. If crookedness is indulged in once, it may recur.

A gentleman from Jamaica who intends to place his two sons at Upper Canada College in the autumn, witnessed the Tecumseh-Chippewa lacrosse match on Saturday. During the game he said to a Canadian friend, "I suppose a good many of the players learned the game at the residential schools." The Canadian had to acknowledge that at Upper Canada, Trinity College School and Bishop Ridley no boy is permitted to learn lacrosse or to play it. They have no lacrosse teams, although they are attended by hundreds of Canadian boys. The lads can take their choice of cricket or tennis in the summer term. Isn't this a rather anomalous condition of affairs? Why should lacrosse, the national game, be interdicted? Nobody is denying that the English game is a good, honest sport. But it is not as well suited to young Canadians as is lacrosse. In our small towns it is easy enough for the lacrosse players to get the free use of a pasture field, which does admirably for lacrosse, while it would take a good deal of money to put it in condition for cricket. Then the question of time comes in. A lacrosse match can—and often does—in our smaller places, begin at six o'clock and be finished before dark. Cricket takes a whole day. Now, many of the boys at the three schools mentioned come from these small towns and will go back to them when their school days are over. Would it not be better to allow them to play the game which their comrades at home will play? The fact that we have a Canadian game should be, one would think, plenty of reason why it should be played at our Canadian boarding-schools, instead of being put on the index of forbidden things. Surely the plan is not to attempt to make imitation Englishmen out of young Canadians! The genuine Englishman is as good an article as any. But the imitation of anything is a fraud and a makeshift. Of course there is no reason for hoping that lacrosse will be permitted at the schools mentioned, but it should be, for all that.

The Canadians began very well in the International cricket match at Philadelphia, although the batting in the first innings did not amount to much when four scores are taken from it. The "American" eleven numbers several absolutely unfamiliar names. Evidently the Yankees, bearing in mind last year's horrible exhibition by the Canadian eleven, are giving us something easy. The names of Scattergood, Ralston, Bohlen and other cracks are absent from the roster of the Philadelphians. Jack Counsell seems to have made an error in putting himself in tenth in the first innings, but he remedied the mistake afterwards.

OLYMPIAN.

Lawn Bowling.

THE highest compliment which can be paid to the Ontario Lawn Bowling Association is the universal praise which emanated from every bowler who participated in the seventeenth annual tournament during the past week at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake. The only drawback was the rather backward state of the lawn on the opening day, but which improved as the week progressed, and suffice it to say that the executive has learned a lesson and will see to it that the greens will be in better shape for next season, which will take place in the second week of July. Before leaving this subject it should be mentioned that the management of the Royal did all in its power to remedy the havoc caused by the severe winter and late season. Mr. Boomer, by his genial manner and assiduity in looking after the welfare of his guests, has done much to remove the complaints of former seasons, and the bowling fraternity can look back with the greatest pleasure to their sojourn in the Queen's Royal during the tournament. The concert in the casino was in itself something to remember, both from the quality of the artists (amateur) who catered to the enjoyment of the large



A hitherto unpublished portrait of Lou Scholes, winner of the Diamond Sculls, the most coveted aquatic trophy in the world—taken while the young athlete was a member of the Don Rowing Club.

audience, the side-splitting witticisms of the songs and recitations, and the acrobatic feats of the bear in the bear dance. The artists who participated were E. H. Bisset and W. J. Carnahan of Toronto; Messrs. Philip of New York, W. Shaver of Grimsby Park, and Moore of St. Catharines were the vocalists. J. B. McKay, J. Peyton Clark and R. J. Kearns told funny stories, and, though last, not least, Messrs. Oakley and Draper gave the famous bear dance.

The finals in the trophy fell to Finlay's rink of St. Catharines, with Swabey of Toronto Victorias as runner up. It was a great fight and was only won on the last end. In the Association, Balmby Beach did itself proud. Skip Smith and his rink are to be congratulated. Not once after their first game did their nerve fail, and they fully deserved their victory over Patrick of Galt.

The Consolation fell to McCarron of St. Catharines, who defeated Code's rink of the Caer-Hovells.

The popular Dicky Kearns won the gold watch in the singles, having the president of the Association, George R. Hargraff, as his runner up. Both bowlers belonged to the Granites. In the doubles the first prize fell to Peary and Lake of Swabey's rink, with Reid and Dorrity of Niagara as their seconds. The novice singles was won by Chapman of Guelph, and the most popular win of the tournament was that of J. S. Willison, who secured the much-coveted prize in the Points competition. There were many strange combinations in the participating rinks. One from the Hamilton Thistles was composed of four doctors, who, by the way, according to their own confession, took twelve hours to make the journey from the Ambitious City to Niagara. How many calls (sick) they made on the way was not stated, but they contrived to knock out the only undertaker who skipped a rink of the Caer-Hovells.

So ends a grand tournament as could well be participated in. Many had their reputations somewhat smudged but hope to retrieve them next year.

The Western Association tournament opens at London on July 26, and a good time is promised.

LUNA.

Confetti.

Women who can't get a vote may get a voter. Poets are a great joy, especially those of French nationality; even a rhinoceros handled by them becomes a winged dragon.

The women who have awayed the destinies of men and nations, the women for whom men have willingly lost their souls, have they not always been the mysteries?

There is more soul-fool in a good song than in a bad sermon.

The trouble with voyaging on the sea of matrimony is a bribe and then be bounced out of it.

People get through the tragedies of life and reach the other side, but they bring the scars of travel with them.

It is very nice to believe in all the world, but it is dangerous.

Greater pride hath no woman than this, to brave the old love for the sake of the new.

Dark secrets are the kind that people are always glad to bring to light.

Many a pretty woman wishes she was forty—at fifty.



Colonel Sam Hughes' nightmare: a Canadian G. O. C., when the Conservatives attain power.

A Cigarette Case.

IT was an exceedingly warm afternoon, and so a discussion inconveniently arose. The Schoolgirl started it by asking in all innocence, "Do you think it's right for girls to smoke cigarettes?"

"My dear child!" exclaimed the Dowager, in horror, "no lady would think of smoking a cigarette." There was an ominous emphasis on the word "lady," and the others looked somewhat nervous, for the Dowager was a person of established views which she expounded at some length when aroused.

"My dear madam," observed the Cosmopolitan, "don't you think this is rather strong?" The Cosmopolitan has a monocle shining in one eye and a naughty little twinkle in the other, and the Schoolgirl considers him a delightful and dangerous person. "I have seen quite respectable and even charming ladies indulging in the cigarette."

"I don't doubt that you considered them charming," said the Dowager, severely, "but Russia is a half-savage country."

"It wasn't Russia," said the gentleman, calmly, "it was a Toronto drawing-room."

"I thought so," said the Schoolgirl eagerly; "do tell me who they were?"

"Margaret!" reproved the Dowager; "you should not be interested in such persons."

"It's entirely a matter of taste," continued the Cosmopolitan. "Now, I shouldn't think of offering you or Margaret a cigarette." He lighted one of the offensive objects as he spoke, and observed the horrified Dowager with serenity. "I know that you would both consider such an offer insulting. But I should have no hesitation in asking some women, refined women too, remember, to join me in a little smoke. It all depends on how it's done. Canadian women, as a rule, are awkward at it because they imagine there's something fearfully wicked about it, and therefore are either shaky or defiant when they indulge in nicotine. But a Frenchwoman, or a Russian, or an Italian! My dear Mrs. Primrose, if you wish to see the poetry of smoke watch an Italian girl as she throws her pretty dark head back and gazes at the tiny rings of blue."

"I should do nothing of the kind," said the Dowager, gravely; "I think it's disgusting and un ladylike. If I go to Europe I shall spend my time, I hope, in cathedrals and art galleries. I shall find better employment than gazing at smoking Italian girls."

"Better employment, perhaps," said the Cosmopolitan, "but you couldn't have anything more enjoyable. After all, where is the harm? It isn't a question of doing wrong or injuring others, is it? All these things are relative. Now, a Turk would be horrified to see you and Margaret conversing with me with unveiled faces, and would probably make such remarks that I should feel it my painful duty to knock him down if I understood his language. And a Frenchman would be shocked because I took Margaret for a drive yesterday afternoon. Whereas, Toronto doesn't concern itself in the least about the unveiled faces of the women or the freedom accorded unmarried women. Why shouldn't we exercise a little charity? When in Rome, smoke as the Romans do. Here comes an authority," he added, as a Frisky Matron stepped on the verandah. "Mrs. Marks, what do you think about women smoking cigarettes?"

"Well, I think they're much more becoming than cigars," said the Frisky Matron, "and that reminds me that I must telephone to Jack and tell him to be sure to bring home several packages of the new Egyptian kind." The Frisky Matron is the daughter of one of the Dowager's dearest friends and is also the niece of an English bishop. Wherefore the older lady gasped and struggled before she exclaimed:

"I could not have believed it of you, Ethel. Do you mean to tell me that your husband approves of your smoking?"

"He has to," replied the Frisky Matron, calmly. "I don't believe in the men having all the good things of the world and women putting up with the sour little forbidden apples that are left over. If there's any fun to be had out of smoking we should know about it." She nodded her head defiantly and the Schoolgirl's eyes dilated.

"Such a funny thing happened at our school last winter," said the latter in a burst of confidence. "You know Miss Andrews, one of the teachers, is the most tiresome old cat, who is always trying to find out things. Well, Dorothy Grant thought she would have some fun out of her, and so when Dorothy had a bad cold she asked the doctor if she had better smoke cubens, and the doctor advised her to try them. The next afternoon Dorothy began to puff cubens in study hour, and Miss Andrews came to the door and was in an awful state when she saw what Dorothy was doing. She reported to the president, and Mr. Henderson sent for Dorothy to explain this most immoral conduct. So she just took down a box of the cubens and told Mr. Henderson how the doctor had ordered them and insisted on his telephoning to the doctor about it. Then the president was just furious with Miss Andrews and told her she was needlessly suspicious. We sent her a box of cigarettes on Valentine's Day, and she just turned green."

"From smoking them?" asked the Frisky Matron. "My, I remember how queer I looked over the first one."

"The question is merely one of individual choice," said the Cosmopolitan; "some of us like tea and others prefer strong coffee. Some of us like olive oil and others won't have it at any price. There's no right or wrong about any of these things—except onions. The person who has the onion habit should be banished from a civilized community."

"You're so flippant," objected the Dowager. "But here comes the rector. I hope you will drop the subject." The rector was good-looking, so he absorbed the attention of the elder ladies and left the Cosmopolitan to the conversational mercies of the Schoolgirl.

"You love to chaff her, don't you," she said, confidentially; "but do you honestly like to see women smoke?"

"Well," he replied hesitatingly, "Italy is all right, but I'd rather not see nice little Canadian girls take to cigarettes. A girl's lips were meant for something better." And for no reason on earth the Schoolgirl suddenly blushed.

J. G.

A Woman's Calculation.

"WHAT! you're not going to smoke another cigar this evening, Henry?" said Mrs. Glibb to her husband. "Yes, I am."

"And how many will that make since morning?"

"Oh, six, or possibly eight."

"You average six a day, don't you?"

"Perhaps so."

"And they cost you ten cents each by the box?"

"They do."

"Well, now, let me see; we have been married sixteen years, and you have smoked all of that time. Six cigars a day at ten cents each, leaving out Sunday, amount to sixty cents a day—or four dollars and twenty cents a week—or two hundred and eighteen dollars and forty cents a year, for sixteen years, which amounts to three thousand, four hundred and ninety-four dollars and forty cents. And now, if you had put four dollars and twenty cents a week into the savings bank for sixteen years, the interest and compound interest added to the principal would have amounted to simply thousands and thousands of dollars, and we would have had a roof of our own over our heads, and I could have had my sealskin and my silks and velvets, as well as other women whose husbands never touch tobacco in any shape or form, having too much regard for the welfare of their families to indulge in any such selfish pleasure. And I wouldn't have to sit and blush for shame every time we have callers, because of the parlor carpet being so faded and threadbare, and every chair in need of being upholstered, and the curtains all patched and darned, and my best house-gown made out of an old silk that was my best dress for three years before I made a house-dress of it. And I could sport my diamond ring or two and my pearls, like other women. And when I made formal calls I could hire a carriage, like Mrs. Dresser, whose husband does not smoke eight or nine nasty cigars a day, and I could have a silk-floated undershirt, as my sister Fannie has; but I can't have it because my husband must smoke his ten or twelve cigars a day. Sister Fannie got herself an eighteen-dollar hat yesterday, and a feather boa that cost twenty dollars, and a ten-dollar fan, and not one of them could she have had if her husband smoked fourteen or fifteen cigars a day for his own selfish pleasure, and— Oh, well, go to the club if you will. A man who smokes twenty cigars a day is apt to prefer the club to the peace and quiet of his own home. What trouble this miserable tobacco does bring into the world!"

J. L. HARBOUR.

Intimate Interviews.

IN THE UP-TO-DATE MANNER.

I WASN'T really looking for Mr. Jay Castell Hopkins, but he stepped right in front of me in the street, so I had to stop to avoid a collision.

"Well," he said, pleasantly.

"Don't you want to?" he asked.

I confessed that I was puzzled, that I didn't know what he was driving at; but there was no such thing as defeating his purpose in that way.

"Don't you want to interview me?" he repeated, sticking the point of his forefinger in his mouth and flitting shockingly.

My position was rather uncomfortable. Several times I had succeeded in avoiding this very situation by walking round another block in some apparent haste; but this time there was no escape without being positively rude—so I resigned, leaned up against a telephone pole and let him unload himself.

Mr. Hopkins has a modest, retiring way which comes strongly into evidence whenever the conversation happens to refer to himself or any of his acts. At such moments his method of attack is indirect in the extreme. Consequently his entire conversation takes this form. Throughout the interview, therefore, he kept me in continual uncertainty as to his references; he seemed to assume that I was familiar with many of his performances of which I was in complete ignorance. But then this was only his little way, and which of us all has not his eccentricity!

"I knew you wanted to know all about that article in the Kingston 'News' which has caused so much excitement," Mr. Hopkins bashfully insinuated. "Well, I did it," he added, and rubbed one instep against the calf of the other leg.

I waited for a moment for his confusion to subside. "I suspected you," I ventured.

"Oh, I say! Did you now?" he cried in evident delight. It was a shame to do it, but I kept up the bluff, and a straight face, too.

"Jove!" he added, "I wondered whether or not people would be able to identify me by the suggestive description: 'A prominent Toronto Conservative, who was on the staff of the old 'Empire' and a member of the Albany Club, who visited Kingston recently.' Rather odd if they couldn't guess the man after that, eh? Jove! I should say! Rather!"

He pulled at his upper lip and gazed at the sparrows on the wires overhead. "Everyone is talking about it," he continued in a lower voice, and I knew he was speaking to himself. "All the papers have taken it up. It is the chief topic of the day. They all know perfectly well who did it. The jealousy of these newspaper men! The petty jealousy!" He smiled softly at the little birds above, and I thought he was wondering if they knew.

"But tell me," I broke in, "was the article inspired?"

He came back to earth with a bump. "Inspired? Inspired? What do you mean?"

I saw I had made a break, so I hastened to mend it. "What I intended to say was, is there any active journalist supporting your suggestion to have a change made in the proprietorship of the 'Mail'?" Mr. Willson—

Mr. Hopkins laughed heartily. "A little device of mine for feeling my way—nothing more, believe me. You see, it is never advisable in making any such tremendous suggestion to put oneself very much in the foreground. In fact, throughout my life I have accomplished my purposes, my many and diverse purposes, by working quietly in the shadow of others. In this case I permitted Mr. Willson's name to be widely circulated in connection with the new management of the 'Mail' merely to arouse protest, so that, under cover of this protest, the idea of the change would take a firm hold on the imaginations of the people. When this happy moment arrives it will be a matter of the greatest ease to bring forward an editor of the highest attainments, a gentleman acceptable to all. Need I further indicate to whom I refer? I pause for your reply."

As he finished speaking, the top button of his vest and I bit the end off my lead pencil.

"Have you yet formulated your editorial policy? That is to say, have you thought out your philosophy undevotedly of government—anything startling, I mean?"

"My chief plan is colossal," he whispered. "Nothing of a similar nature has been undertaken in the history of journalism. To be brief, it is nothing less than governmental ownership of the press!"

"But surely, Mr. Hopkins, surely that can not be called altogether novel! Now, take the 'Globe'."

Mr. Hopkins laughed softly. "Perhaps," he admitted, "perhaps I did not make myself very clear. It might make it clearer to say governmental ownership by the press."

I rubbed my forehead perplexedly.

He saw my difficulty and laughed again. "To be unmistakably clear, I mean that the modern method of running a country should be some system which would make the leading journal a recognized branch of the Government. I see you are still in some doubt. Well, perhaps I'd better come out flat-footed and say exactly what I mean. The position of editor of the chief newspaper should be filled by the same person whom the people elect as Premier!"

"But he's not always of the same political opinions as the paper."

Mr. Hopkins' jaw dropped. He had evidently not thought of that possibility. Indeed, he seemed not in the least disposed to regard it seriously, for after the first moment of apparent disappointment his face brightened up and he dismissed it with: "Oh, well, neither you nor I need trouble our heads over that. In our day no such difficulty as you suggest could arise. Now supposing that everything in connection with my proposition concerning the 'Mail' goes along satisfactorily, it will not be long before my policy will exert a tremendous influence on the people of this country. You are no doubt familiar with the position of the 'Times' in England. It practically makes the public opinion for the entire country. Well, I have advised the 'Times' for years. In fact, I may say they never advocate anything of the least importance without getting my opinion."

"Is it solicited?"

"Ah—ah—ah—oh, no! No; the 'Times' has a rule which prevents its editors soliciting opinions of that kind; but of course it is generally understood that all men of—ah—of—"

"International reputation," I put in.

"Thank you. Yes; all men of international reputation are desired as advisers. Well," he continued, "as I was about to say, if the 'Times' feels the benefit of my suggestions, what will be the effect of my devoting all my energies to making the profession of journalism not only useful but honorable in Canada! George Brown had my idea to a somewhat limited extent, but he had not the many-sided ability to carry it out successfully."

"But will it not take a great many years to bring the 'Mail' up to the standard that you have set for it? Surely a long time must elapse before the entire population of Canada can be brought under its influence."

He waved his hand in deprecation. "Four years at the outside. Widespread publicity is readily obtained if one only knows how to set about the work of acquiring it. I flatter myself I do know." He leaned back against the telephone pole and again smiled knowingly at the sparrows.

"Hopkins' Daily Mail," he muttered softly. He was silent for a moment. Then he whispered something to himself which I could not catch. But presently I overheard: "The organ of the Canadian Government, the great moulder of Canadian public opinion, edited by the Prime Minister."

I slipped quietly from beside him and stole on tip-toe up the street. Once I looked back. He was still standing as he had left him, and even in the distance I could make out his smile and see his lips move slowly.

JAQUES.

Civic Questions.

The City Engineer considering it policy to spend \$230 a week for the chance of getting \$100 a day from the Street Railway Company, how long would the city treasury last if used for dealing in stocks on margin?

What would be the average yearly saving to the country if the railway companies stood as little chance of getting government aid as a citizen does of meeting his friends coming in at the Union Station?

If the active life of an historical novel is one year, how many more of these stirring tales will have fallen on evil times before Toronto's Carnegie library finds a suitable site?

W. A. C.



In the Shadow of the Bridge.

The above photograph is reduced from a plate eleven by fourteen inches—the largest photograph of its kind on record. No lens was used to make this picture, a pin-hole in black paper taking its place. The camera was home-made, from an old wooden box, paper being pasted over the outside to make it light-tight. A pill-box served as a cap over the pin-hole. At the back, after the plate had been inserted, a black cloth was tightly strapped on to prevent any flaw in the camera from spoiling the plate. A pin-hole being very wide-angled, the plate was placed only nine inches back.

The main difficulty in taking this picture was to give the correct time necessary for exposure. The size of the pin-hole, the distance from pin-hole to plate, and the light, all have to be taken into consideration. This difficulty was got over, however, by exposing a couple of small plates in the camera and developing them immediately. This gave me the time—one minute and fifty-five seconds. It was about 5.30 p.m., and the sun was not very strong, although the light was good.

As these large plates are rather costly and as quite a much skill is required to get good results with a pin-hole as with a lens, I should advise anyone commencing pin-hole photography to begin on a smaller plate. PIED PIPER.

Rip In Toronto.

IN the heat of the July noontide Rip Van Winkle walked slowly along King street wondering if it would be possible for him to sneak away from home the next morning and go fishing 'way out on the Credit. Dame Van Winkle had not improved greatly since the days when Mr. Washington Irving first knew her, although she insisted on being "Van Wyck" on her visiting-cards, and managed to support the family by writing short and unsweet stories for the New York Sunday papers. Rip was the same easy-going, lazy vagabond that he was before he went for that stroll in the Catskill mountains and took no thought for the morrow so long as his wife was ready to order and pay for to-morrow's dinner.

The very thought of going fishing made him hungry, and he entered a restaurant intent upon a luncheon of lobster and other reasonable delicacies. As he waited for the check upon which he was to inscribe his wants, Rip had ample time to observe the as yet unfed crowd about him. The man who had just left the table had evidently not been satisfied with the ginger ale provided, for he had left almost untouched a glass of the sparkling brown stuff that neither cheers nor inebriates. Rip was thirsty and the ginger ale looked tempting with its golden sparkles. Just as he was about to raise it to his lips a maiden approached with the life-saving slip. Eagerly he wrote his order, and watched the maiden as she slowly melted into the unknown wilds beyond the coffee-run.

Then once more he sought happiness in the dark brown liquid with a taste to correspond. The tables began to wobble about in a spiritualistic way, the face of the man across the aisle disappeared behind a yawn, and Rip's head fell comfortably back against a pillar behind him.

When he awoke it was still high noon, and the tables had ceased from wobbling. The drained glass stood before him and he wondered dreamily how long his eyes had been closed. The women looked a little queer. Surely they had not worn tiny turbans perched on masses of frizzy blonde hair. Their sleeves were tight and the waists severely plain, whereas Rip had been quite certain that they wore elaborate shirtings and episcopal sleeves before he drank his neighbor's ginger ale. On the table was lying a newspaper that looked familiar and yet unusual. It was the Saturday "Globe"—the anniversary number.

"Of course," said Rip, "the sixtieth year." But on taking up the one-hundred-page issue he rubbed his eyes in astonishment. "Ninety years, as I'm a Dutchman! Dear me! I had no idea the 'Globe' was so old." He glanced at the top of the columns and his brain began to do the Ferris Wheel act. In clear black type he read, 1934.

"This is really very queer," he remarked, in confidence to the "Globe." They must have made a mistake in the date. Why, of course! Here's a paragraph saying that the Yonge street bridge will soon be on the way. They were talking about it in 1904. So I can't have been asleep for any thirty years. And here's a letter complaining about the street car service to Parkdale. But, bless me! Here's a very strange thing. Skyeckle tournament at the Island! Mr. Lou Scholes, who won the Diamond Sculls in England thirty years ago, will row in his sky-boat, called 'Ariel,' against some chap from South Africa. There must have been something wrong with that ginger ale. And here's a picture of the Premier with side-whiskers and a monocle. It's not Sir Wilfrid at all, and I don't recognize the features. King George to visit the Toronto Exhibition next month! Why, this is enough to make me believe I was at the banquet of the Whirligigs. Ah! It is all a mistake, after all. Here comes the girl with my order, and this wretched newspaper is all a fake. Yes, that is my salad. But where's the coffee? And you haven't brought the tomatoes!"

"We're fearful busy to-day," said the girl, amiably, "and I can bring the coffee-later. There aren't any table-napkins and the tomatoes are all gone."

Rip sighed gently, and then smiled with the grace of resignation. "Well, I suppose I can do without. It's such a relief to be back in 1904 again."

THEKLA.

A Fable.

ONCE there lived a progressive hotel-keeper at Soakem-by-the-Sea, who thought that it would increase his income considerably if he imported a papier-mache serpent and set it loose on the billows that romped before his beautiful summer resort.

Such a reptile, he thought, would bring people to his place. These people, naturally, would require rooms. And with the rooms occupied the profits from his bar-trade would multiply.

This, indeed, was logical reasoning. The harmless ocean-wanderer was brought on.

The first man that noticed it floating on the troubled waters said nothing about it to any one else, fearing that he might be mistaken and the peculiar object was nothing more than an optical illusion which would prompt friends to ask him for his signature to a pledge.

And every other man stopping at the hotel thought as the first man did.

Consequently, the keeper's bar-trade stopped entirely, and as one after the other left the hotel they scoffed at him for selling poor liquor at rich prices.

Moral—It is a good ad. that works both ways.



Hon. G. E. Foster—Well, Fielding, I've been called "the best Finance Minister Canada ever had," but never the lynch-pin of the Government wagon.

Wireless Telegraphy.

WIRELESS telegraphy is doubtless destined to play an important part in furthering the advancement of many projects connected with the life of nations; but it may be doubted whether any of the enterprises to which it may be harnessed, as it were, will prove so interesting as when it comes to be employed in the business of forecasting the weather.

At present the weather prophets are doing the best they can with the ordinary method of sending telegraphic messages; and considering the many obstacles in the way, it must be conceded that they do very well indeed. The mere fact, however, that there are so many miles of wire, and so many post-offices, between the officials at the central office, where the forecasts are prepared, and their observers who send them the daily reports of the weather, is a serious hindrance to progress, and it will be a happy day for the weather prophets when the intermediaries are abolished.

The general methods by which a modern forecast of the weather is produced have, to many people, an air of mystery, and to the uninitiated few things seem so strange and complicated as a weather chart. Most countries nowadays have established offices where such charts are daily compiled, and in all of them the method of procedure is the same. The object aimed at is to obtain a general notion of the state of the weather at a given hour over a large tract of country. To this end a large number of observatories or stations are established in many different localities, it being the duty of the observers to make reports two or three times a day.

The information specially asked for refers more especially to the height of the barometer, the direction and force of the wind, the state of the sky as regards cloudiness, the temperature of the air, and the amount of rainfall. Now, in order that this information may be of the greatest amount of service, it is important that it should arrive at the head office promptly. The messages accordingly are forwarded by telegraph, so that at the earliest opportunity they may be plotted on to a chart or map. On this information he bases his forecasts, and issues, if need be, his warnings as to approaching storms and gales. Moreover, the reports that are telegraphed at other times during the day greatly help as regards giving information concerning the direction in which any storm may be travelling.

Something of the difficulties may be understood when the mechanism, so to speak, of one of these revolving storms, cyclones, or depressions, as they are variously called, is examined. Cyclones, it should be remarked, vary very greatly in size, and their diameter may be anything from a few yards up to a thousand miles. The smallest of them may be seen at any street corner on a windy day, and, indeed, a little time spent in watching these miniature whirlwinds will give a fair idea of the causes which produce the larger atmospheric cyclones. Intermediate between the small eddies and the full-grown storms are the whirlwinds and dust storms which career across many of the deserts and arid plains; while in this same category are also to be included the waterspouts that spring up over the sea and some of the larger lakes. All these phenomena are nearly related, and in each there is a rotary as well as an onward movement. At the center of every storm the atmospheric pressure is greatly deficient, and the barometer falls to a low level. This increases outward from the center of the system, the barometer rising higher and higher towards the outside edge of the storm. Now, when the storm is on the outside edge to the center is very abrupt, like the descent to certain valleys, the barometric gradients are said to be very steep, and it is at such times as these that the wind attains its greatest force.

It is, however, when the attempt is made to forecast the storm movements that the difficulties begin, and it is at this point that wireless telegraphy would prove of great assistance to the hapless weather prophets. A few years ago many of the newspapers in the Old Country published storm warnings sent from this side, the idea being that storms observed to be setting forth from the American shores would eventually reach the British Islands, or some other part of Western Europe. Commonly, the warnings stated that between such and such dates a storm might be expected to show itself on the French, British or Norwegian coasts, the margin, both as regards time and place, being large. But many of the storms never arrived, having possibly blown themselves out during their journey across the Atlantic.

All storms, owing to the deflecting movements of the earth as it rotates upon its axis, usually travel from west to east, so that it is the desire of all weather forecasters to obtain early and prompt information from as many places to the westward of them as possible. In this respect it will be seen that the Toronto forecaster is well situated, for to the westward of him he has many observers who send him all the latest information, so that it is much easier to trace the daily progress of a storm as it blusters across the country. But the British forecasters are in a less advantageous position, for often they are not aware of the existence of an oncoming storm until it has actually appeared on the west coast of Ireland. The problem, therefore, that has always presented itself to them has been as to the best means to be adopted for finding out what was happening away out in the Atlantic.

At present the earliest information obtained on the other side concerning approaching storms from the Atlantic is received from the observing station at Valencia, in the south-west of Ireland. On more than one occasion it has been suggested that something might be done in the way of anchoring a vessel or a sort of floating meteorological observatory two or three hundred miles off the coast of Ireland. The opinion has been expressed that there are shoals and shallows that would afford a suitable anchorage; and indeed so much enamored with this scheme were certain enthusiastic meteorologists that they went so far as to design a floating observatory wherein the observers and the necessary instruments could be housed and floated in mid-ocean. These suggested observatories resembled nothing so much as a gasometer, this being the shape favored by their designers; and the idea was that the observers would be connected with the shore by a telegraphic wire along which messages could be sent concerning the state of the weather. But in order to carry out this scheme a very large amount of money would have been required; and as, moreover, there was apparently no great rush of observers eager to be shut up in the floating observatories, the plan was not adopted. It is from the steamers that perhaps the weather prophets may, in the near future, derive the much-desired information. By means of wireless telegraphy ships are now sending messages to lighthouses and are in touch with reporting stations hundreds of miles away. Steamers leaving any port on either side may be kept in touch throughout the greater part of their journey, or even during its entirety. In the messages that would pass from ship to shore would be information concerning storms on the way. It will be seen that when this wireless system is in full working order the problem regarding the receiving of intimation of the approach of storms from the westward will be solved. There is, therefore, from the weather prophet's point of view, much to hope for from wireless telegraphy. DEMAR.

Another Guess Coming.

A recent despatch from London says:

"The royal commission appointed in August, 1901, to inquire into the relation between human and animal tuberculosis has arrived at a conclusion justifying the issuance of an interim report, according to which the commission finds that human and bovine tuberculosis are practically identical. This disproves of Prof. Koch's theory is regarded by the English press as of the highest importance as bearing on the possibility of infection through milk."

This guess will probably hold good until the next one is made. Some of these doctors are quite clever at guessing, but it is strange how many of them guess different ways on questions regarding which there ought not to be any serious difference of opinion.

A despatch from New York reports that about 2,000 street sweepers, or almost one-third of the total force, have contracted consumption by inhaling germs. The same despatch announces that extra precautions are being taken by the health department to prevent communication of tuberculosis through milk from diseased cows. Several physicians have been quoted to the effect that thousands of children are now suffering from tuberculosis contracted through milk from infected cows.

"What is a labor of love, pa?"

"Smoking the cigars your dear wife gives you."

Peer and Peasant in the British Realm

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Anecdotal.

To Richard Mansfield an enthusiastic woman admirer had paid tribute of praise, adding: "I suppose, sir, that you forget your real self for days." "Yes, madam, for days, as well as nights. It is then I do those dreadful things—trample on the upturned features of my leading lady and hurl tenderloin steaks at waiters." "And you do not know of it at all?" "Not a solitary thing, madam, until I read the papers next day," said Mr. Mansfield, solemnly.

At the Columbia commencement luncheon, Dean Van Buren, who presided, referred playfully and under his breath, between courses, to the fact that the Massachusetts Legislature had granted the right to the Young Men's Christian Association to confer the degree of bachelor of laws. "Too bad that 'Ben' Butler did not live to know of it," he observed. "It would have been a pleasant reflection to him that the Bay State, always first in public virtue, should recognize the connection between religion and law." "Precisely so," rejoined his neighbor; "and now it is possible to place on a Boston tombstone the words, 'Here lies a lawyer and a Christian,' without going to the trouble of putting two men into one grave."

In the diary of Sir Montagu Grant Duff the following story is told regarding Victor Hugo, finely illustrating his megalomaniacal tendencies. An ardent admirer had once said to Hugo: "The nation has never treated you quite properly; no street has been called after you; there ought to be a Rue Victor Hugo." "Cela arrivera, mes enfants, cela arrivera," said the master. Then another disciple took up the running, and said: "A street! That indeed would be nothing; a whole quarter of the city should be called after you." "Cela arrivera, mes enfants, cela arrivera," said the master. Thereupon a third disciple joined in—"Paris should cease to be Paris, and be renamed the City of Victor Hugo." "Cela arrivera, mes enfants, cela arrivera!"

Shortly before sailing for Italy, Mark Twain was a guest at a banquet given at Elmira, New York, where "Quarry Farm," his summer home, is located. In the evening the man on his left suggested to Mr. Clemens that it was somewhat of a coincidence that the clergymen should be gathered in one part of the room. Clemens replied that to him it seemed entirely consistent, for above the group was a placard reading "Fire Escape."

Of all the "Quarry stories" none shows the late Senator from Pennsylvania in a more personal, kindly and humorous light than a new one which was brought north from the national Capitol after the closing of Congress. It seems that an old man not long ago was wandering through the little-used library portion of the Capitol, obviously lost, when he met another man, no longer young, but evidently familiar with the devious passages-ways and corridors. "Excuse me," said the stranger; "but I have lost my way. I want to get to Senator Quay's room. Can you help me?" "Certainly," was the reply. "Come this way." And by hall and elevator the two soon reached the committee-room where Mr. Quay saw his callers. "This is Senator Quay's room," announced the guide. "Whom do you wish to see?" "Senator Quay," was the response. And then the old man nearly collapsed when the other remarked quietly: "I am Mr. Quay."

Hamlin Garland tells a story of over-hearing two men talking in a railroad car. "One of them," he says, "was giving an account of a recent trip to Wisconsin, and mentioned having visited LaCrosse. 'LaCrosse? LaCrosse?' repeated the other, trying to place it in his mind. 'Let's see; what's it noted for?' 'LaCrosse,' replied the first speaker, 'is famous for two things, as being the only town in the United States where all the passenger trains back in, and as having been the birthplace of Hamlin Garland. The people made an awful kick last fall,

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and the railroad company is trying to fix it so the trains won't have to back in. I'm waiting in fear and trembling," adds Mr. Garland, "expecting every day that another awful kick will remove its other distinction, and I'll be left without a birthplace."

Charles Emory Smith stands high as an editor, diplomat and man of affairs. But he and the late Matthew Quay were not always friendly. After Quay had successfully conducted the Harrison campaign he took front rank in Washington, and was consulted by President Harrison when the latter began to think of appointments for the diplomatic service. He wanted to give Smith a post, so had Secretary Elihu Smith sound Quay for his opinion in the matter. "Senator," said the Secretary, "you know Charles Emory Smith?" "Yes," was the reply; "very well."

"Would you care if he received a foreign appointment?" "No," was the quick reply. "The foreigner the better." So Mr. Smith went to St. Petersburg. While playing "Rip Van Winkle" in Missouri, Joseph Jefferson one afternoon boarded a train on a notoriously slow railroad for St. Joseph. He went into the sleeping car, but did not expect to go to bed, as the train was due to arrive late in the evening. It dawdled along, however, and seeing that it would not reach its destination before he reached his destination he ordered his berth made up and prepared to turn in. As the porter finished his labors on it, Jefferson said: "This is the worst road I ever traveled on. I guess I'm in for a full night of it."

An odd story of Emerson was told the other day by a Cambridge man. "A New York woman," he said, "called on Emerson one morning. The philosopher was reading in his study, and near him on a plate there lay a little heap of cherry stones. The visitor slipped one of these stones into her glove. Some months later she met Emerson at a reception in Boston. She recalled her visit to him, and pointed to the brooch she wore—a brooch of gold and brilliants, with the cherry stone set in the center. 'I took this stone from the morning of my call,' she said. 'Ah!' said Emerson. 'I'll tell my amanuensis of that. He will be pleased. The young man loves cherries, but I never touch them myself.'"

"Economy," said Governor Chatterton of Wyoming, who was always admirable. A Cheyenne hatter, though, was disgusted the other day with the economical spirit of a visitor to his shop. This visitor, a tall man with gray hair, entered with a soft felt hat, wrapped in paper, in his hand. "How much will it cost," he said, "to dye this hat gray, to match my hair?" "About a dollar," the hatter answered. The tall man wrapped the hat up again. "I won't pay it," he said. "I can get my hair dyed to match the hat for a quarter."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the venerable author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," who received the degree of LL.D. recently, listened philosophically the other day to the complaints of a woman whose son's education at Harvard was costing a great deal of money. "Many sons' educations cost a great deal of money," said Mrs. Howe. "And yet it is the most expensive education, usually, that is the least valuable. I had this fact brought home to me a short time ago. I was visiting a certain family, and one morning at breakfast the father said, as he handed his son, a sophomore, a \$10 bill. 'Your studies are costing me a great deal.' 'I know it, father,' the son answered. 'And I don't study very hard, either.'"

Senator Beveridge uses neither railway passes nor telegraph franks. On one occasion he had been speaking at an old settlers' picnic, and in making his way through the crowd was relieved of all his money. He did not discover his loss until he attempted to pay for a hasty lunch at the railway station. He explained to the restaurateur, who said in suspicious tones, "Show your railway passes if you are a Senator." "I don't use them," replied Mr. Beveridge. "Why not, then?" asked the landlord, with conviction.

The man who agrees to preside over the Democratic convention at St. Louis ought to come in for a slice of Mr. Carnegie's hero money.

A Chicago girl wrote the beauty department of a local paper, and asked: "What is good for big feet?" Promptly the reply appeared, "Big shoes."

"Isn't she a lady?" "Surely! She works for ten servants."



F all delightful, companionable creatures whom kind fate has scattered through a careless world are none so rival the jolly, happy, sedate, contented, philosophical, childlike, astute old maid. There are no old bachelors to match her. She need not be a profound thinker nor a beautiful nor learned; her experience may be limited and her judgment unreliable, but she has that rare quality of companionableness. She has the interest of the deserted garden run to a wilderness of sweet, quaint, Old World fragrance, and the homely worth of well ripened and good to the taste. She is pleasant and responsive, even if she doesn't say a word, and in her moments of abstraction you know there is always a subtle subconsciousness of you, a gracious recognition of you, an easy falling into step with you in your mental march, and a kindly deference to your individuality. How such a goodness and pleasantness escapes the greedy man who has no use for it is the mystery of mysteries. Sometimes, perhaps, the companionable old maid has a remote past of renunciation or grief, of which her heart alone knows the bitterness. Sometimes her quaint humor waxes, and her appreciative grin; sometimes her fund of apt information amazes you; sometimes her gentle femininity appeals to you with tendering sweetness; sometimes she is helpful, resourceful, patient, merry, in circumstances under which you sink. And it may be, sometimes, she is quietly eloquent in her defence of right and condemnation of wrong. She is often the acme of dainty smartness in attire, and has an eye to creature comforts, with a dozen devices against the trying monotony of a voyage or the results of strenuous sight-seeing. One sees her all over the Continent, composed and alert at the same time, and one makes friends with her in the happy assurance of reward. Often she is from the United States, sometimes from Canada, sometimes from France or Germany, and rarely from England, for the last-named type takes itself too seriously to be really companionable on short notice. After a blessed day or week or month spent in her company I am filled with admiration and satisfaction. She is the latest, who-comes-and-leaves-exploited success in the social creation, this companionable old maid.

"You must rest your eyes," said the specialist, before whom I stood, nervous and apprehensive. It is not nice to see green where one should see blue, and to find oneself unable to read even the "hatched, matched and despatched" notices in one's newspaper. The specialist gave me two pairs of glasses, and I felt thoroughly antiquated. Did you ever see the world through smoked glass? Ah, then one arrives at the proper humor for misanthropy! In vain I arranged the lower part of my face into an ingratiating smile, and inclined my head in an unmistakable bow. Nobody did more than glance at my goggle-shaped eyes (the windows of the soul behind smoked glass). A few men pulled off their hats with a bewildered manner and questioning frown. It was very lonely. Just I and my goggles in the whole city! There were no more than I pulled them off, and better it is to go goggleless and unrepentant and have one's friends smile, than to glower upon an unrecognized world that cannot remember any of one's features but only one's eyes.

She was going across the lake, in charge of a great big good-natured man; her costume was elegant, her veil had many and prodigious dots on it, and her little hands were encased in the neatest thread traveling gauntlets. The big man had a box of candy, three magazines, a sheaf of newspapers, a sunshade, an umbrella, a fan, a light-colored bag, a cushion and a small bag in, out and under his arms. She had a little gold chain-purse and a letter. He deposited his load on an armchair and rushed at the last rockers, which having secured he asked: "Where would you like to have it?" She stood abstractedly gazing at the crowd. "Say, do you think this boat's safe?" she asked, after about thirty people had looked at her patiently-waiting man. "Oh, absolutely," he said, decidedly. "Well, I'm not so sure," she replied. "I wish we'd gone by train. Have we started yet?" "No," he said, "we haven't." "Oh, I guess we'd better chance it," she said, recklessly. "Can only drown once!" He brought the rocker to a sunny spot, and she sat down. "Then this will be the shady side," she put up her sunshade and sat down. "I wonder if it's going to blow—we'd better get me a state-room," she said, and she looked at the water till we got started. My, those people are going to eat! I can't watch them; I'd rather sit in the sun. Please move my chair." He carried the chair to the center of the deck, and she sat down. "Did you bring the 'Smart Set' for me. Not now; after we start. Oh, we are started. I seem to feel the motion of a good deal. Ah! I like the screw? I'd enjoy it better where I was. Those people aren't eating after all. Please move my rocker and bring your chair and the things alongside. What you can't smoke here? Why not, I'd like to know. You smoke all over on the boats at home. You just light up. I'll bet no one will forbid you on an open deck—I guess not. What is that woman saying? Objects to smoking? My soul! she must be a crank. You can go forward? Well, do you believe I came across the lake to get alone? I guess your smoke can't go to the front. Ah! I like the screw; I'll go myself. Taking up tickets? Well, I've got to go down stairs; I feel the motion too much here. I never heard of anything so absurd—Dyspepsia! I might die while they're taking up tickets. No, I don't want salts, nor ginger ale—I want to lie down. Did you get me a state-room? Why not? How careless of you. I asked you, long ago, why on earth did you fetch me on this old boat?"

When one thinks of the dozens of subdued and brow-beaten wives one knows, a woman like that one is not such a horror. She even thinks up, so to speak. How is it that fate enjoys the joke of mating the good-natured, generous, patient, big man to the fault-finding, unreasonable shrew? Wasn't she a nice, pleasant girl when he wooed her? Surely no sane man would have tied himself to the present development. We all know that very selfish and domineering bullies are very sucking

doves when they are courting some unsuspicious and unwary girl, but it seems scarcely possible that the man on the boat did not sometimes see traces of the true temper of that woman in time to take to the high grass. When we last saw them he was cheerfully shoving his lounging one arm free to help her up the flight of steps at Lewiston. Their effects were checked to Gotham, where they evidently belonged.

A man has been telling me wonderful things about Cuba. Surely it is the place for young men to make fortunes. In twenty acres of land for an orange grove, ten dollars the acre, and in five years a steady sure income secured from the golden apples. In the meantime other fruit will keep one going financially in some fashion. The man says that if he were only ten years younger he would like him to Cuba and start an orange grove forthwith. It sounds easy, and the man is very earnest in his account of possibilities. There are funny customs in that island. After each meal the mistress of the house, the maid and the negress cook rolled cigars and smoked them. And some of our mistresses are so formal that they wouldn't even allow the maids to play on their pianos. It doesn't take long nor cost a fortune to go to Cuba, but perhaps our maids don't smoke. I had the other day an application from a girl to help her to find a position as lady-help. She was college-educated, city-bred and good-looking. "What can you do best?" I asked. "Well, I am not very expert at anything in the way of housework." "Can you cook?" "Only cakes and desserts." "Can you sew and knit?" "Clothes? Oh, dear, no. She did not like it a bit when I asked her to try her hand at lady-help, when lady-help seemed so much more descriptive. I visited a menage last year where real lady-helps were engaged in putting through the housework. They were called "Miss" and had all sorts of privileges, but I don't know why it didn't work well; at all events their reign is over.

LADY GAY.

Correspondence Column

The above Coupons accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters must be written in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column, Inclosures, unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied. Generala.—Your writing is quite beautiful, its gentleness and refinement are above criticism, but it looks too nervous high-spirited and lacking in calmness to stand a nurse's life. You have a certain talent for some unusual art. Did you ever hear of a successful woman architect? Japanese.—I indeed I was quite sincere. It is such tommyrot to write a thing like that. Indeed, I am one of those very trying persons who are always worrying about the bona fides of friends. Drop it, if so. You have no right to make your friends the victims of your uneasy suspicions. 2. When you wrote I had no more idea of going to St. Louis than of jumping over the moon. But it was made easy and I went, and can assure you it is quite worth while, and it does not take any longer than to go to Chicago. As to the "hugeness" of the Fair, it is indeed huge, just about the size of the Belt Line. As you live in Toronto you can estimate easily that the C. P. R. leaves here at about 8 a.m. and gets to St. Louis Fair about 9 next morning—one day and one night en route. Go and "have a look!" Agnes M.—I. If we knew the way to our own hearts we would sometimes give us a jar—others who know little or nothing of our real selves and form their judgment upon some casual sight or hearing of us. And our own criticisms are likely to be as wide of justice, so don't be critical. 2. Your writing is eminently conservative and rather unresponsive. Not many things successfully appealing to you. You are sincere and self-reliant, and idealize and have good fluency and facility of expression. You are not adverse to responsibility, and would enjoy power, especially over your fellows. Your mind is rather conventional, and there is no great originality. A certain self-will and impulse, inclining to pessimism, are indicated. Your birth month is not sufficient; the exact day is indispensable. I've said this so often. There is thought and speculation suggested by your writing, which, though it lacks tact, has much sympathy and appreciation of beauty and art, with a certain amount of culture and independence of action.

Birdie.—It's a good thing your ink was very good and black and that you don't spare it. Birdie, or you'd have been put back upon your perch for using colored paper. Do you know what a strain on one's eye it is to study writing on the blue-grey paper you use? You are positive, conservative, dominant, constant, not a good debater, nor given to clear argument, fond of a good appearance, susceptible to beauty, and of a good deal of kindness and sympathy. You are like the obvious and quite incapable of finessing or diplomacy. It is a generous, strong, magnetic study, not very sentimental, and adverse to dictation or influence.

Louise.—Thanks for the Easter wishes, the love and the kind enquiries. Life is too short to hunt up those clues to your identity, and though I am quite sure I adore you, I have not the smallest notion who you are. If I had your address I'd send you a bunch. My "nice friend" is probably flourishing. To be nice and to be my friend is something to live for. Go away, you awful mystery!

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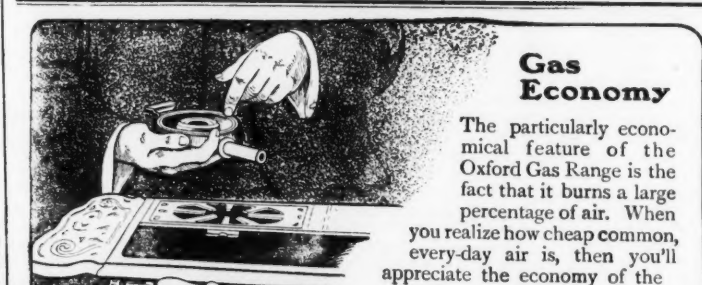


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Reviews of Books

ANOTHER book by the author of "The Garden of a Com-muter's Wife" and "People of the Whirlpool" has appeared bearing the title, "The Woman Errant." It is frankly a book with a purpose, a problem novel, but the purpose is not with us and the problem is occasion-ally obscured by the leaves of the garden. Most of the chapters are written in the first person, Barbara, appearing as the "spokesman." The question, which is repeated somewhat too often throughout the volume, is explained by Dr. Russell, Barbara's father: "The woman errant, God help her, seems to me, is she who either from choice, hazard or necessity seeks a cause outside the protecting wall of her natural affections."

Just what the protecting wall, etc., may be is rather hazy, but a sad case is made out against the woman who earns her bread, whether she does so in order to come "by experience" because she is forced to supply her- self with food and clothing. The author seems to consider it impossible for woman to be anything but a secretary or a journalist and yet retain a corner of this protecting wall of natural affections. While "The Woman Errant" is a book of some interest, its charm is undoubtedly marred by the sermonizing strain regarding lovely woman's limitations, and the best moments are those spent in Barbara's own, where she dis- courses delightfully about the ways of the plants.

There is Barbara's husband, who is all that the heart of woman could desire, and who keeps respectfully in the background. Perhaps the fact that he is English accounts for his reticence. Ian and Richard, the twin sons of Evan and Barbara, are boys with no "American" tendency to monopolize the attention of the "grown-ups." There is Dr. Richard Russell, Barbara's father, who is a bookworm and a philanthropist, severely disap- proving of women in the professions. There is a Methodist minister, Rev. James Cranston, whose second wife, called Aunt Lot, is Dr. Russell's sister. The parson is a nauseating per- son, selfish and narrow, who tries to mould his three daughters according to his own convictions, with the result that Susanna, Jane and Lois set forth in search of careers. Susanna, known as Sukey, is described as "a domestic woman in the extreme," who establishes a small school and eventually captures a large husband with cowboy tendencies.

The most startling character in the book is Ivory Steele, who is thus described: "I saw the dusky-robed figure of a young woman outlined against the crimson curtains, that threw the contrasting ivory-whites of face, neck and arms into bold relief. Even her hair was of that dense cloudy quality that, instead of curving and wreathing the face, she herself looks like flakes of soot before the eases, casting shadows along the jaw- line. The eyes under the heavy-lashed lashes were of a deep topaz color, with a sort of hypnotic power of dilating and emitting waves of fascina- tion."

A young woman with sooty hair and topaz eyes is in a fair way to do some mischief in the world, and we are prepared for at least one shattered home. Ivory Steele is the only child of well-to-do parents who have bored the young woman extremely. So after taking the usual college course she goes off to New York, where she comes assistant to Nell Gordon, the literary editor of the "Morning Dispatch." Ivory is an utterly selfish young woman to all appearances, who is purely intellectual, but well-dressed and charming. She is engaged to Dr. John Roberts, but she tells John that he must wait until she has had "experience" in "independent toil." John submits, thereby show- ing that he was not the lover for Ivory, who would doubtless have liked him much better had he insisted on matrimony or renounced her cheerful expletives. The author seems to intend that Ivory shall be consid- ered the "Woman Errant" in her ex- tremely form, and that her marriage, a malignant type would be impressive were we not convinced that Ivory is a very unreal and almost impossible character. Queer as she is, one fol- lows her trailing skirts with interest, hoping that the lady of the topaz eyes will do something a little unusual. After all, Ivory has a very tame experience, "experience" in inde- pendent toil. John Roberts, who has stayed in her despoiled home and had much more excitement as a frivolous young thing going to teas and "ger- mania." She makes an admirable sec- retary for Nell Gordon. The first chapter as she is priding herself on her broad outlook she discovers that she is vul- garly and pebbly in love with her man, who is a married man. Just as she is priding herself on her broad outlook she discovers that she is vul- garly and pebbly in love with her man, who is a married man.

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Tickets will be good going on regular trains leaving Buffalo at 9.00 a.m., carry- ing through Pullman parlor cars to Philadelphia, leaving at 5.50 p.m., carrying through sleeping cars to Philadelphia. Returning, tickets will be good on all regular trains, except limited express trains, leaving the seashore and Phila- delphia within fifteen days.

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Atlantic City passengers may use trains leaving Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, via Delaware River Bridge route, avoiding transfer. Pas- sengers for other seashore points named will use trains leaving Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia. Tickets will be good from Philadelphia to the seashore on days following dates of excursions.

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For tickets and further information apply to ticket agents of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, or B. P. Fraser, passenger agent, Buffalo district, Pennsylvania Railroad, 307 Main street, Elliott square, Buffalo.

Modern medicinal science has agreed that natural remedial agents are most efficacious when properly applied. The "St. Catharines Well" is one of Na- ture's boons to tired humanity. At "The Welland" will be found an ideal resort for the tired brain-worker, or the sufferer from the ills of life. Sun- parlors, roof promenade and beautiful surroundings. Before going south to expensive resorts secure a booklet from "The Welland," St. Catharines, or G. T. Bell, general passenger agent of Grand Trunk Railway, Montreal, Que.

It was so warm that the wax fruit and flowers in the gilt basket on the Bible-table melted into a soft, fruit- chewing gum. She solemnly advised Barbara, "My dear, if you are ever left a widow, whatever you are called to go through, don't try to spend a Sunday in a London family temperance hotel."

Sukey is an intangible character, a mixture of domesticity and ambition; Ivory Steele is an icicle, but the Widow Jenks-Smith is a real woman, in black silk with sequin trimming. She thus sums up her restless existence: "With me, I've always been on horseback, so to speak, there's always been some- thing doing from the time before pa struck it rich and made a railway-land deal with Jenks-Smith. Then out west there were cyclones and prairie fires and cattle round-ups, and after we were married we never dined alone, and sitting up late made you nice and sleepy all the forenoons, so the days weren't too long. To only turn up at fifty and losing flesh, getting back my figure through worry, of course, when it's no good to me."

There are several other "nice peo- ple," notably Martin Cortright and his wife Lavinia, who lead a pleasant Sleepy-Hollow sort of existence in Greenwich Village, and who are some- what disturbed by the "Woman Err- ant," since Martin has written a suc- cessful book, Martha Corbie, the wife of Timothy Saunders, Dr. Russell's "man" is an interesting old dame who comes in all too seldom. Her Scotch husband had refused to become an "American" citizen during Queen Vic- toria's reign. As Martin says, "He wouldn't do it open-like while our old Queen lived. If they'd have just let him join and wrote his name for his intentions and voted, that was one thing, but he says, says he, 'I'll not forsake a woman and one old enough for me mither; if it got back to her she might misconstrue the motive and think I like but now the King's come in over yonder, it's just mon to mon, and no bad feeling.'"

The style of the writer is as daintily finished as the boxes of the books of which first won friends for Barbara. The book is touched every here and there with such flower-like reflection as this: "But what is this within the preacher? A butterfly upon Eilon Basilicae that I left yesterday on the ladder-top! An exquisite yellow swal- low-tail gaining his first winged liberty from the South Sea! How came it there? Ah, the same old symbol of life in death. Here, under the silver clasp and clinging between rough leaf edges and the cover, is hid the chrysalis wherein the change was wrought. How can people ever doubt the soul's im- mortality? Its death would be the only incomprehensible thing. (Toronto: The Morang Company, Limited.)

As a refreshing contrast to the average book of the period comes "By the Sea," by Charles Wagner, the au- thor of "The Simple Life." It is rather surprising to get such studies from a writer who has lived in the cities. The translation has been ad- mirably made by Miss Mary Louise Hendee, who has preserved the simple, child-like directness of this modern preacher. "The things that are more ex- pensive." No more healthy bit of reading than these chapters on home life could come to the reader, cast down by the restlessness of "The Woman Errant." A few lines from the preface will indicate sufficiently the spirit in which the subject is ap- proached: "Foremost among the things that never perish, though continually changing, is the family. . . . Love and the ties of blood—the centuries pass, these things endure. As ancient as the world, they are as young as each new morning, and we are men only in proportion to the hold they have taken upon us. . . . I have not tried to dis- simulate the dark points; but I have sought to bring the luminous ones into relief. This honor we owe to the ideal."

The very naturalness and lack of effort in the writer's style disarm criticism and make us feel that we were sitting by such a fireside as we describe, listening to the gentle talk of one who has seen enough of hu- manity to be tolerant of its weakness and who has faith enough in God to make him a clear-eyed optimist. The first paragraphs remind one of Gold- smith's "The Traveller" with its note of homeliness. In fact, there is a great deal in the work of this French preacher which recalls the tender- hearted erring Irish poet whose lines are so apt from the folly and excess of his London life. What is the es- sence of the resemblance? Each has the heart of a little child and conse- quently has entered the kingdom of human sympathy. The first chapter, "The Roof-Tree," is a kind of philo- sophy of home life full of reflections that suggest original thought: "What a life, what his ideal are, and what his life, such is his home. Every civiliza- tion, every epoch of history has had its characteristic dwelling-place, a faithful epitome of its social state, building has ever been an act of faith and a declaration of principles. . . . Man's dwelling is garnished with his truth, warmed with his tenderness, stained with his impurity; there his kindness smiles and his ill-humor grumbles. One man's house is like the lair of a beast, grim and inhospitable; another is inviting and homelike, even to the guest of a day or the stranger within its gates."

What memories of firesides that sen- tence calls up! We recognize the brute comparison, for we have all been given a glimpse of homes where the wolf was howling not at the door, but on the hearth. The old cavalier poet has assured us that "stone walls do not a prison make." Neither do walls make a home. Unattractive as the apartment or the flat may appear, it is more to be desired with the spirit of home with- in than the most "detached" residence and grumbling therewith. The writer, after condemning the constant changes of city life, cheerfully turns to con- sider how a more permanent exterior can be given to family life, and ur- gently demands a minimum of change. "There are two divorces that are do- ing our society to death, man's divorce from the soil and his divorce from the home." He cries out for a regard for the bits of old furniture, the arm- chairs and the table beside which we grew up, declaring: "The more life buffers us, the more need for holding fast to these tokens. And yet we must not be materialistic; in spite of its capital importance, it is not after all the house that makes the home."

In the discussion of "The Spirit of Family" those who have made the family a source of selfish ambition and a menace to the community are severely dealt with. Neither are the wrongs that cruel nature perpetrates on those whose family pride forbids exposure, forgotten. "There is within man a brute, and this brute is no- where else so terrible as in the family. When it wakes with its evil instincts, its perversity and its blood, solici- ties, was to him who falls into its

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power." The author, although an optimist, has not closed his eyes to the corruption of the best things, and admits the horror of family feuds and conflicts: "No other passion, no mur- derous power has ever made the hu- man heart undergo more intimate and horrible tortures than has family hatred." The history of civil wars from the days of Cain's crime until now, illustrates the truth of this prin- ciple and gives us to recall again that history is merely "philosophy teaching by example."

The chapter "Two Make One" deals, of course, with married life, and much good advice is given to those who have mated with ungenial spirits. Since books were first written on leaves and birch-bark there must have been un- countable tons of such counsel given to those who have entered the "holy estate of matrimony." Perhaps it was Adam who first thought of "Punch's" famous advice to those about to marry. Mr. Wagner gives an exquisite descrip- tion of the love that lasts till old age, that is "the same under the snows of the years as under the snow of apple- blossoms," and thus characterizes its brightness: "It is a rough and ready comrade, not indifferent to fine weather, but known for what it is, and proven in dark days. It does not hang upon a ray of sunshine or the color of a lock. As the delicious old German proverb has it—'Alte Liebe rostet nicht,' old love never rusts."

The book is written with a delicate charm of literary finish, which, united with its pure and lofty sentiment, makes it a volume of an order all too rare in these days of doubt and hurry. (Toronto: William Briggs.) J. G.

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Rosedene, Ont., July 11 (Special).—Mr. Samuel J. Crow, the well-known musician of this place, relates an ex- perience that adds to the already great popularity of Dodd's Kidney Pills in this locality.

"I suffered for years with Kidney Trouble," says Mr. Crow, "which be- came aggravated with every attack of cold and caused me much agony. The disease developed into Gravel, when I was totally unfit for anything."

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He—I suppose you think smoking is hurtful? She—Not always. It is quite an im- provement to pork products.—Boston "Transcript."

Bursley—He claims to be related to you, and says he can prove it. Ffloyd—The man's a fool. Bursley—That may be a mere coin- cidence.—"Smart Set."

Miss (who is going out for the day)—And, Mary, you may invite a friend to come in to tea, if you like. Mary—Please, 'm, I haven't got any friends. I only know young women!—"Punch."

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MISS NORA CLECH, the Canadian solo violinist, who for some years past has resided in London, England, has organized a string quartette in that city. Recently the London "Times" said: "Miss Nora Clech owns a name that has been familiar to musicians for many years. To the reputation of that name she added no little lustre on Monday evening, when she and the Messrs. Lucy Stone, Cecilia Gates and May Mukle made their first appearance in public as a string quartette. Their performance is not only most praiseworthy, but remarkably excellent, and of one of Mozart's quartettes in C, and of the beautiful work in A, by Borodin, which seems to have been heard in London only once before, as admirable interpretations were given, and the quartette much more than justified their existence and their enterprise."

Mr. H. M. Fletcher, conductor of the Toronto People's Choral Union, is at Martha's Vineyard, Mass., taking a normal course of study at the Bristol Summer School. On Mr. Fletcher's return to New York he will select new music for next season's work of the Choral Union.

Toronto, unfortunately, does not seem to offer sufficient encouragement to good players of string instruments to induce them to abide permanently with us. Mr. Grattan, the leader of the King Edward Hotel orchestra, has accepted an engagement as one of the first violins of the Pittsburgh Orchestra, and will leave here in September. One despairs of getting a good local orchestra in the near future, as one sees our best instrumentalists deserting us in regular procession.

The New York "Times" recently had an editorial to show that the day of the "passing" of the piano had come. The article has provoked a storm of indignation, particularly from the piano-makers. Messrs. Steinway write in reply, stating that in 1890 no fewer than 150,000 pianos were made and sold in the United States, of a value of from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000—sufficient evidence, they think, that the piano is not "passing."

Vladimir de Pachmann, the great piano virtuoso, is announced for a transatlantic tour of from 50 to 100 concerts in America this coming season, under the direction of London G. Charlton. He will give three recitals each in New York and Boston before he starts west. After playing in all the principal cities of the middle west he will proceed about January 1, 1905, to the Pacific coast, where 15 dates are already booked, by way of the Southern and Texas cities, and he will return through the North-West and Canada.

Mr. Ruthven McDonald, who is in Britain with the Canadian lawn bowlers, is receiving many compliments. "Bowls" the sporting paper published in London, says of him: "Mr. Ruthven McDonald, whose really delightful singing forms one of the features of the tour, gave several songs, and by special desire, 'The Maple Leaf Forever.' A great singer, and a four-part harmony, and were the power of minstrelsy able to charm away defeat, then the Canadian team's tour would be for them one of victory all along the line."

At a recent auction sale in Berlin the city of Vienna bought through its representative the manuscripts of three Schubert songs for 900 marks (\$216). The songs were "Der Wanderer," "Gretchen's Song," and "Du liebst mich nicht." At the same auction sale Schumann's "Papillons" MS. brought 650 marks, a Chopin mazurka 600, and a four-part Beethoven composition 940 marks. A sad glimpse of Weber was given by a list of his debts, amounting to 2,500 florins, written that poor man in the Stuttgart prison.

There is one art which is not duly honored by the Japanese, though they are otherwise so exquisitely refined in their aesthetic tastes. On this point a recent writer says: "Music in the eyes of the Japanese is a very inferior art, the general belief being that the combination of sounds may possibly please women and children, but that a Japanese gentleman could not possibly tolerate them, no matter under what pretext. In fact, it was not very long ago that the profession of musician was considered by the Japanese as being an insult to human dignity, and whereas there have been a few famous Japanese popular songs which water-carriers and the workers in the rice fields sang in chorus, as well as war songs sung by the soldiers, the profession of musician has been considered unworthy of any man, and has been exclusively left with the women, it being largely for the purpose of clearly showing her inferiority that she has been allowed to exercise her aptitudes and tastes in musical compositions."

R. E. Johnston announces an extraordinary musical event for January 20 at Carnegie Music Hall, New York. For this occasion an orchestra of one hundred musicians will be engaged, and Ysaye and d'Albert will be the conductors and soloists. Ysaye will conduct a symphony, and also for d'Albert's solos, and d'Albert will conduct a Suite and also for Ysaye's solos. It is said in musical circles that this will be an event that will create intense interest. Ysaye makes his first appearance this year in the United States on November 18, which happens to be his 43rd birthday.

An English critic on a visit to Paris the other day had an opportunity of seeing Daudet's play "L'Arlesienne," at the Odéon Theatre, with Bizet's incidental music, the orchestra and chorus of 150 performers being under the dignified and masterly control of Colonne. This charming work—pronounced a failure at its first performance in 1872, and not revived until thirteen years later—has now gained a strong hold on the Parisian public; and, considering the popularity of the orchestral suites founded on the music, it seems likely that an English adaptation of the play would be successful. Two of the orchestral entr'actes had to be repeated, and the lovely adagio, referring to the earlier love of the elderly Balthazar and Renaude, made also a considerable effect.

Mozart's "Don Giovanni," under the direction of Dr. Richter, was one of the features of the beginning of the opera season at Covent Garden, London. It was announced that the opera would be given without cuts, but it appears that Mozart's finale was omitted, as has long been the custom in London and New York, and the opera brought to an end with Don Giovanni writhing in the grasp of the statue and falling dead with the fall of the curtain. Naturally music-lovers have taken exception to the discussion of the artistic value of this finale, and a restoration of it, in spite of its defiance of the muse of dramatic propriety which obtains to-day, has been advocated. We find Mr. Edwin Macle writing an admirable letter to the "Times," in which he urges that the incongruity between the drama and its finale, as written by Da Ponte and Mozart, is due to the manner in which the opera is treated as a whole. It was intended, he says, to be light opera. He continues:

"The part of the protagonist is not that of a deep-dyed villain; it is merely that of a gay Lothario. The ladies he has injured are loud in the expression of their woes, but glad in their heart of hearts that their names should be in the famous list. The Commendatore is the stage heavy father, not the awful impersonation of Nemesis which he is made to be in the Covent Garden version. The whole tone of the performance should be bright, not gloomy. A proof of this is the pantomime disappearance of the Don, carried off by little devils (though even these are suppressed in the Covent Garden version), a grotesque when treated seriously, but which, taken as comedy, leads naturally to the bright and merry ending originally written for the opera. As given at the Metropolitan, the opera breathes comedy, and if Mr. Higgins will allow a performance in this vein it will be seen that the finale, instead of being an anticlimax, is a most natural and graceful conclusion."

The newest musical instrument is one invented by Herr Kuhnreimer of Presburg, Hungary. It is called the Strich-Clavier. It has the keyboard of the piano, but in place of the hammers there are prepared leather chime, these so pass over the strings that by strong pressure on the keys a crescendo can be produced on each note, while the tone lasts as long as the key is held down. The tone of the key is said to be similar to that of the harmonium. It is not explained what advantage over the ordinary harmonium is claimed for the invention. The whole musical attachment, invented by one Kromar, and called the Kromar, is an apparatus for recording notes, which can be attached to any pianoforte where an electric current is available. The notes are recorded on five line staves in long or short cross strokes after the manner of telegraphy. It is claimed to be useful for noting down improvisations.

Writing about church music in England sixty years ago the "Musical Times" remarks: "In those days there were only four supplied choirs in London—St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the Chapel Royal and the Temple Church. The west end of the Temple Church obtained for the organ, the instrument being surrounded by a handful of charity children who led the singing of the sanctuary in a manner uncharacteristic to the art of music. Such a thing as an anthem, much less a solo in a Nonconformist church, would have been regarded with as much horror as rank infidelity. But all that has been changed, and changed very much for the better in the promotion of a more orderly and reverent rendering of divine service in the churches of the denomination." The "Musical Times," by the way, celebrated its sixtieth anniversary last month, and the above comments were made apropos of the event. It recalls the fact that its one-time rival, the "Musical World," lasted fifty-five years. The "World's" editor was Mr. J. W. Davidson, afterwards to be so well known as critic of the London "Daily Times." In those days, it seems, musical critics belabored each other unmercifully in the columns they controlled. Davidson had a particular contempt for one man whom he nicknamed Jenkins. "The acknowledged musical critic of the 'Morning Post,'" wrote Davidson, "would scarcely know an arpeggio from a Jew's harp or a gut from a fiddle. His praise is worthless, because it has no foundation, and is merely the offspring of unaccountable caprice or personal obligation, or the grateful remembrance of an excellent dinner, or the savory anticipation of a capital supper, or something of the kind." We read that many orchestras also have greatly improved in England during the past sixty years, but that nevertheless so long ago as 1877, when Wagner tried to cover the deficit of Bayreuth festival by giving some concerts in the Albert Hall, London, the local resources were already surprising. As Edward Dannreuther pointed out in a letter he

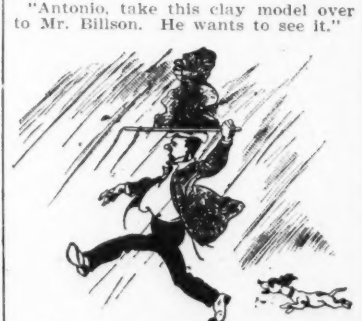
wrote to Wagner at the time, it was the period early in May when the two Italian operas, the Crystal and Alexandra palaces, the Philharmonic societies, the host of theaters, were in full swing, and when one would suppose every competent artist in the land to be occupied with his regular duties. Yet after some little trouble the two hundred artists needed were found—Englishmen born, for the most part, and they played the most difficult portion of the Nibelung operas in a way to call forth repeated expressions of approval from the master.

Speaking of Saint-Saens, Hermann Klein in his musical recollections refers rather humorously to the Frenchman's visit to London in 1886, when he accomplished his memorable feat of performing his own four pianoforte concertos at one sitting at St. James's Hall. Mr. Klein remarks "As if the event took place on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, this programme was generally supposed to be intended as a revenge for the defeat of the French in that immortal battle." English musicians, Mr. Klein adds, agreed in recognizing Saint-Saens as a musician of prodigious talent, endowed with a versatility that enabled him to shine in every branch of his art, and possessed of a mastery of technique that could adapt itself to whatever style he might for the moment choose to exploit. "He was as brilliant a pianist as organist—his habit of playing the one instrument never spoiled his exquisite touch for the other—and his gift of improvisation was marvellous."

The "Churchman" in a recent reference to the anniversary celebration of St. James's Cathedral Church had the following complimentary and well-deserved tribute to Dr. Ham: "In St. James's is due to the manner in which the opera is treated as a whole. It was intended, he says, to be light opera. He continues: 'The part of the protagonist is not that of a deep-dyed villain; it is merely that of a gay Lothario. The ladies he has injured are loud in the expression of their woes, but glad in their heart of hearts that their names should be in the famous list. The Commendatore is the stage heavy father, not the awful impersonation of Nemesis which he is made to be in the Covent Garden version. The whole tone of the performance should be bright, not gloomy. A proof of this is the pantomime disappearance of the Don, carried off by little devils (though even these are suppressed in the Covent Garden version), a grotesque when treated seriously, but which, taken as comedy, leads naturally to the bright and merry ending originally written for the opera. As given at the Metropolitan, the opera breathes comedy, and if Mr. Higgins will allow a performance in this vein it will be seen that the finale, instead of being an anticlimax, is a most natural and graceful conclusion.'"

Camille Saint-Saens, the great French composer, will be seventy years old next October. He seems to be vigorous yet, as last month he made a special trip to London to take part in a concert given in behalf of the Lifeboat Saturday fund, and on this occasion his symphonic poem "Danse Macabre." Saint-Saens made his first appearance in a London concert hall thirty-three years ago.

ANTONIO, take this clay model over to Mr. Billson. He wants to see it."



And then the rain came on—



And on—and on—



"Mr. Billson, here's your bust!"

"Life."

Brains Without Fish.

"Fish, so they tell us, is the builder of the brain," ran the lines of a comic song of about a decade ago; and it is, indeed, a prevalent idea that fish is a valuable brain-food because it contains phosphorus. "This idea is a fallacy," says the "Lancet." "It is doubtful whether any given food in common use contains constituents which have a selective action, or the property of ministering to any one part of the body more than another. It is often said that fish is a food which ministers particularly to the needs of the brain, because it contains phosphorus. As a matter of fact, fish does not contain it in the free state. The notion that fish contains phosphorus had, no doubt, its origin in the glowing of phosphorescence in the dark. This phosphorescence is due not to phosphorus at all, but to micro-organisms."

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Jimmy—Ma, did y' buy Georgie a birthday present?
Ma—Yes.
Jimmy—Ma, what did y' buy t' pacifier 'cause 'tain't my birthday?—Cincinnati "Commercial-Tribune."

Whitby College Commencement.

A Prosperous Year.

The year that has just closed was one for special congratulation to the heads of the College and those interested in it. Not only was this true of the attendance, which was 185, the largest in the history of the College, but of the quality of the work done. The exhibition given by some of the graduates at the concert in the afternoon showed particular excellence, evidence of the progressive character of the instruction in this leading institution for ladies' culture.

Highest Honors.

The young lady to carry off the highest honors was Miss Minnie Michaels, who was awarded the gold medal for the highest standing in vocal music. Mr. Rechab Tandy, of the board of examiners, in presenting her with the medal, announced amid great applause, that Miss Michaels had taken first place in the Ontario Conservatory of Music, and in the Toronto Conservatory of Music as well.

In the department of oratory the work of Miss Luella MacAmmond was worthy of special mention. Her recitation of "The Mother's Reward" displayed much ease and naturalness of expression, which captivated her audience. Miss Winifred Moysiey, in reciting "The Race," by Ralph Connor, accomplished the same result by her buoyant enthusiasm. Other numbers on the programme were an organ solo by Miss Margaret Cook, a vocal solo by Miss Edith Bryce, piano solo by Miss Rena Winter, vocal solo by Miss T. Wilson, piano solo by Miss Helen Mitchell, violin solo by Miss Ethel Beath. A coronation march, in which eleven young ladies took part, was loudly applauded, and was repeated in the evening.

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Social and Personal.

The marriage of Dr. A. E. Webster of Toronto and Miss Annie Amelia Richardson, fourth daughter of Mr. M. K. Richardson, M.P., of Flesherston, took place on July 6 at the home of the bride, Rev. J. S. P. Wilson, assisted by Rev. L. W. Thom, officiating. Miss Christine Richardson, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and little Miss Aleda Mitchell was flower girl. Dr. E. E. Abbot of Toronto was best man. The bride wore white China crepe over tulle, with yoke of chiffon and a bertha of point lace, a tulle veil and a bouquet of Beauty roses. She went away in a traveling gown of navy blue cloth, white blouse, with Cluny lace and hat of ecru straw with blue velvet and white wings. Dr. and Mrs. Webster will reside at 3 College street on their return from their bridal trip.

Mr. U. Y. Archibald, Mrs. A. Gourlay, the Misses Irene and Hazel Gourlay, Miss Lottie Anglin, Miss L. Mullin, Mr. F. M. Cockburn, Mrs. A. Frankland, Mr. W. E. Bennett, Mrs. W. Ledger, Mr. William Martin, Mrs. J. B. Spurr, Miss C. E. Spurr, Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop, Mr. Thomas Hay, Mr. Wesley Dunn, Mr. R. J. Hunter, Mr. Samuel Thompson, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Doran, Messrs. Burns, Stewart, Whitcombe, Bagshaw, Sharp, Briggs, George Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John Greer, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Rae, Mr. and Mrs. P. Dwyer, Miss A. Briggs, Mrs. S. S. Smith, all of Toronto, are recently registered at Bala Falls Hotel, Muskoka.

Mrs. Stratford is settled in her suite at The Alexandra, Queen's avenue.

The marriage of Major E. V. O. Hewett, "Queen's Own" Royal West Kent Regiment, son of the late Lieutenant-General E. Hewett, R.E., C.M.G., formerly commandant of the Royal Military College, Kingston, to Miss Brenda Platt-Higgins, daughter of Mr. Frederick Platt-Higgins, M.P., took place on Saturday at St. Saviour's Church, Walton street, London, England. Major Hewett's mother was Miss Blanche of Toronto, and his sister, Mrs. Arthur Graesset, who has been in Paris, went to London for the wedding.

The marriage of Miss Charlotte Austin, daughter of the late Mr. H. W. Austin of Montreal, to Sir Archibald Napier, took place on Tuesday last at St. Bride's Church, London, England.

The bride, who has been for some time in London with her mother, Mrs. H. W. Austin, was given away by her brother, Mr. Bary Austin of Montreal. She wore white satin with Limerick lace. A tulle veil was becomingly arranged from a small Juliet cap of white heather, orange blossoms and myrtle. A reception was held at the residence of Lady Hay, sister of Sir Archibald Napier, in Egerston Gardens, kindly lent for the occasion. Sir Archibald and Lady Napier left for a tour on the Continent. There were many guests present, among them the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, Lord and Lady Strathcona, Sir Henri and Lady Taschereau, Sir Stanley and Lady Clarke, Sir Duncan and Lady Hay, the Misses Hay, Mr. Gloucester Austin of Montreal, Mrs. and Miss Pangman of Montreal, Sir Gilbert and Lady Parker, Sir Alex and Lady Montgomery Moore, Sir Archibald and Lady Orr Ewing.

Miss M. M. Watson of Mimico is home from Vancouver, B.C.

Mrs. T. U. Dudley, Miss Gertrude Dudley, Mr. Aldrich Dudley of Louisville, Ky., Miss Farr of Cleveland, Ohio, the Rev. Harry S. Musson of Indianapolis, are summering at Hi Lo Island, Lake Muskoka. Mr. Musson is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Thomas Musson of Islington.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morrow have arrived in town and are at the King Edward.



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Steamer City of Owen Sound will begin daily trips about June 15th. For programmes or any information regarding Cottages or Hotel rates, write the Managing Director, Grimsby Park, W. C. WILKINSON, President. R. E. A. CHOWN, Secretary. J. H. FORD, Managing Director.

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